

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1838.

No. 5.

LIFE AND OPINIONS OF SOCRATES.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

Few subjects of study reward our pains so well, as the lives of the greatly good, in past ages. The example of those who are eminent in virtue among ourselves, has not an equal influence; for beside a suspicion of their sincerity, which men cherish from an unwillingness to confess themselves outdone by others in the same circumstances, there is a real imperfection in every thing human, which will not bear to be looked at too closely. Good character, like a good picture, is seen to the best advantage from such a distance that the shadows of present jealousy may not fall upon it, and after time has mellowed the coloring, which, to be impressive and lasting, must be strong. This led Lord Bacon to say, that 'death extinguisheth envy, and openeth the gate to good fame;*' and the twin dramatists of his time to put into the mouth of an honest man, oppressed by wrong, the bitter exclamation:

'Oh, Antiquity!
Thy rare examples of nobility
Are out of imitation, or at least
So lamely followed, that thou art
As much before this age in virtue
As in time.†

But among the 'rare examples' of moral dignity, which the history of heathen nations affords us, SOCRATES deserves the highest place, whether we consider the disinterested and firm devotion of himself to the true welfare of mankind, the singular modesty of his searches after truth, or the remarkable agreement of many doctrines which he taught, with that better wisdom, now shed upon our souls by light from above. The best of the ancients freely rewarded his memory with this honor, and the greatest of modern poets, ('who,' Mackintosh observes, 'from the loftiest eminence of moral genius ever reached by mortal, was perhaps alone worthy to place another crown upon his brow,‡) says:

'Him well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wiseest of men!

* Essay on Death.

† BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. 'The Honest Man's Fortune.' Act I., sc. 1.

‡ History of Ethical Philosophy.

Alluding to a Delphic response given during his life time, that

‘Sophocles was wise, Euripides wiser,
But Socrates wisest of all.’

Yet, notwithstanding the greatness of his fame, it is only after much and cautious study, that we can form any just opinion of his character and philosophy. His very virtue made him enemies, not only in his own day, but in subsequent times; and some pious fathers of the church, unduly fearful lest his character for wisdom and goodness might seem to disprove the necessity of revelation, have most uncandidly repeated their foul and baseless slanders against him;* while, within a few years, a learned translator of Aristophanes, in his zeal for his favorite poet, whose matchless power of language but ill atones for his indecent scurrility, has virulently though unsuccessfully assailed him. On the other hand, his admirers have been excessive in his praise; so much so, indeed, that another early defender of our faith, in a transport of admiration, pronounces him a Christian.† Beside, as he carefully abstained from making any records with his own hand, we are indebted for our knowledge of him principally to his two most eminent disciples, Xenophon and Plato, both of them professedly his eulogists. Xenophon, except when he is speaking of arts, or historically of scenes in which he himself figured so gloriously, is well known to have been a romancer. While Plato, the father of mystical philosophy, (from whom, indeed, the modern Kant and Coleridge have derived most of their ingenious but useless abstractions,) delighted to put his extravagant theories into the mouth of his modest and cautious master; so that Socrates himself, on hearing one of his Dialogues read, exclaimed, ‘What does not this young fellow make me say!’ A careful comparison of their two accounts will however give us much that may be relied upon.

Socrates was born at Athens, in the 468th year before Christ, and lived, from infancy to his death, during that period which may be termed the Augustan age of Greece; the age of Pericles, of Phidias the sculptor, Zeuxis the painter, Herodotus and Thucydides the historians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the dramatists, Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and the splendid though luxurious Alcibiades. These were all known to our philosopher, and in his own time he was greatest among the great. Though the son of poor parents, his father Sophroniscus gave him an excellent education, and he enjoyed the instructions of a very remarkable man, the philosopher Anaxagoras. Early relinquishing the calling of his father, that of a sculptor, he devoted himself to the study of human duties. This did not prevent his proving himself practically a good citizen, and a brave man in fighting the battles of his country, saving by his devoted valor at one time the life of Xenophon, and at another that of Alcibiades. Afterward, however, he mingled little in public affairs, (though he served once in the council of the five hundred,) believing

* Tertullian. Cyril Alex. Gregory Nazianzen.

† Justin Martyr.

himself called by the divinity to persuade his countrymen to virtue and rational religion. For this end, he chose, though not ostentatiously, a life of poverty and self-denial, looking for his best reward to a consciousness of integrity in this life, and a happy immortality. Original in thought and eloquent in language, though so ungainly in person as to resemble a satyr, he soon drew around him many followers, and among them the noblest in birth and character of the Athenians. Yet this blamelessness and usefulness of life soon excited against him many enemies, in the vicious and turbulent democracy of his native city. The sophists, or false philosophers, who have given their name to the vexatious quibbles in which they delighted, were especially enraged against him, for he fearlessly exposed their mercenary quackery; and because he taught that there was one supreme overruling Providence, whose 'just eyes could not be blinded by the smoke of sacrifices,' but loved virtuous actions better than sumptuous forms, they accused him of impiety against the gods. Taking advantage also of the fact, that he had peculiar pleasure in teaching young men, they charged him with an unnatural crime, then lamentably prevalent. This prompted Aristophanes, a comic poet, whose gross blackguardism shows the baseness of his soul, to hold the teacher of virtue up to ridicule, in his comedy of the 'Clouds,' showing the venerable man hanging ridiculously in a basket, and teaching the most disorganizing doctrines. The comedy was not indeed successful at first, Socrates himself laughing at it; but few characters can bear up against ridicule; and the poison then began to work, which three-and-twenty years after resulted in a grave public indictment against him for impiety and corrupting the youth. Against these charges he made an eloquent and dignified defence, retracting none of his sentiments, denying the charge of crime, and asserting that his countrymen owed him reward, not punishment. It availed him nothing against the cruel hate of wicked men. Some say the multitude believed the charges; others, that they were exasperated against him, because Critias, a renegade disciple of his, whom he openly rebuked for his oppression, was one of the thirty tyrants, that the Spartan Lysander set over the Athenians, and who deluged the city with blood. But alas! we know too well the treatment which wise and good men receive, when they oppose the will of a blind and brutal populace, and need only to be told of the integrity of Socrates, to account for his condemnation by a people who had already banished Aristides, because they were tired of hearing him called the just. Athens has not been the only state, where public virtue has been the least claim to popular favor; or where it were not easier to gain power by flattering the people than by serving them. Alas! again, it is human nature, which loves even tyranny better than honest counsel; for, in the language of the modern Euripides, the pure, classical Talfourd:

'The cloven hearted world
Is ever eager thus to own a lord,
And patriots smite for it in vain.'

The best defence of Socrates is found in the remorse of the Athenians. They prosecuted his accusers as enemies to the state, putting Melitus, one of the two most active, to death, and banishing the other,

Anytus, who was so universally execrated, that he found no place of refuge, but was stoned by the people of Heraclea, after they had cast him out of their city; and it is said that when the *Palamede** of Euripides was performed, and an actor pronounced the line:

‘You have given to cruel death the best of all the Greeks!’

the whole audience, reminded of Socrates, burst into tears, and the theatre resounded with lamentations; for which reason they made a decree that his name should not be spoken in public any more.

A high testimony to the purity of his character is also found in the confession of Alcibiades, who, though he left his great teacher that he might pursue projects of ambition and luxurious pride, declared, that he ‘blushed at his way of life, whenever he thought of Socrates, and at times almost wished him dead, and no longer a witness of his pupil’s shame.’†

Condemned, however, he was to drink the fatal hemlock. Thirty days (owing to some religious ceremonies) elapsed between his sentence and his death, which was not only worthy of his life, but the summit of its admirable virtue. He spent these mournful days, (mournful to those who loved him, but full of calm and unflinching hope to the martyr himself,) in conversing cheerfully with his disciples, exhorting them to remain steadfast in the virtue he had taught them, and confidently to expect a happy immortality in the divine presence, as the reward of it. An account of this sad interval is given us in the *Phædon* of Plato, the simplest and most affecting of all his writings. It were in vain to attempt translating the dying scene from the Greek, for the very words seem to sob, and the sentences moan as if they came from a broken heart, so that it has won from the learned of all ages the tribute of tears, as if our universal nature suffered in him. Crito, his friend, at one time, by bribing the jailer, had made every arrangement for his escape; but the consistent friend of social order smiled at his zeal, and refused to fly from a mortality which he would soon meet, wherever he might go; declaring, that the injury done to him, under color of the law, was no reason why he should do wrong by rebelling against the public authority. Speaking kindly to the executioner, who prepared the poison, and presented it to him, not without tears, he calmly drank it amidst the loud sobbings his friends could no longer restrain, and walking up and down his cell, he greatly comforted them, until the torpor seized his limbs; then lying down, he wrapped his mantle around him, and with a slight tremor, ‘the best, the wisest, and the most just, of Athens,’ breathed his last, leaving to all ages the blest assurance, that

‘Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall, in the happy trial, prove most glory.’‡

The opinions of Socrates were, considering the age and country

* This play is lost, but some fragments, and among them this sentence, are preserved.

† Plato.

‡ Milton’s *Comus*.

EURIPIDES. GLAS. ED., Vol. vii., 643.

in which he lived, as remarkable for their purity and elevation, as his life. Before him, the inquiry of philosophers had been chiefly into physical causes; and though some most interesting sayings of the wise men of Greece, and Anaxagoras in particular, are recorded, yet it is generally admitted that Socrates was the first to study and teach morals as a science.

Cicero expressly says: 'Socrates was the first who brought down philosophy from the skies, placed it in cities, introduced it into families, and obliged it to examine into life and morals, good and evil.*' Indeed, he seems to have had an unjust contempt for all science, except that of mind, thinking it better for us to inquire what we ought to do, than what the Deity had done. He was provoked to this by the vain and quibbling theorists of his day; but could he have known the moral dignity which in modern times those sciences have acquired, or have been surrounded by such expositors of physical truth as now adorn the world, he would never have deemed it necessary to deny their studies, that he might exalt his own. Socrates was, however, as he has been described by the ingenious though often erroneous historian of Ethical Philosophy, 'more a teacher of virtue, than even a searcher after truth.' Hence his opinions, though remarkable, were few.

He believed most firmly in the existence and providence of one supreme, self-existent, and spiritual God. Of him he often speaks in the singular number, delighting to give him the name of the *Superintending* God, or the God who wisely and tenderly cares for us. This God, he believed, could only be served by sincere virtue, having more regard to the hearts of men, than the most costly sacrifices; quoting, with high commendation, an oracle which declared, that 'God loved the thanksgivings of the Lacedæmonians better than all the sumptuous offerings of the Greeks; for,' said he, 'it is absurd to think that Deity, like a false judge, can be bribed by presents.' He taught the duty of prayer, which he said required much precaution and attention, and gave his followers what he called a most excellent and safe form of petition, which was: 'Great God! give us the good things that are necessary for us, whether we ask them or not; and keep evil things from us, even when we pray to thee for them.' He believed that virtue consisted in obedience to the supreme will of God, which we were to learn from the fitness of things; and there can be little doubt that he would have rejected, as a vexatious dispute of the sophists, the question, which some have started, whether there is not a radical distinction between right and wrong, antecedent to the divine will. Virtue, he believed, was always rewarded, and vice always punished, by the Supreme Governor; and though in this life wrong might seem to be more successful, the seeming inequality would be compensated in another. For he believed also in the immortality of the soul, and declared that though he knew nothing of the manner of our existence after death, it could not be otherwise but that the Deity would take just men to be happy with himself, and banish the wicked to a correspondent misery.

These were the principal and fundamental articles of his belief,

* Tusculan Disputations.

upon which he based all his instructions, and from which he derived that lofty courage, which sustained him, throughout life, in his virtue. Plato, his ingenious disciple, less modest than his master, has carried them out still farther; but, as we have said before, his speculations are not to be taken as the sentiments of Socrates.

It will doubtless be asked, if the opinions of Socrates, respecting the unity of the Sovereign God, were so pure, how it was that he himself engaged in the worship of the many gods of Athens, composing hymns to some of them, during the interval he spent in prison, and ordering a cock to be sacrificed to Esculapius, the god of health, as Plato says he did, in his last moments? Several things ought, however, to be considered here. In the first place, it has always appeared to me not an improbable opinion, that his disciples, eager to vindicate his fame with the multitude, for their own sakes, invented of him, in these respects, what was not strictly true. And then again, Socrates, though convinced of the Supreme Divinity, was yet, as we shall show, confessedly ignorant of the manner in which he should be publicly honored, and might have thought it unwise to distrust the existing modes of worship, or to neglect them himself, until some better way was discovered, lest he should be thought to favor an atheism which he detested.* Certainly, if he had not been sincere in his opinions, he need not have died under sentence of the law; as he might have averted his condemnation by timely recanting. Beside, it is not fairly honest to condemn a man for what he did in the last moment of mortal weakness. Socrates wished his last act to be an act of piety; and if that act was ordering a sacrifice to a false god, because he knew no better, it is, I repeat, most uncharitable to condemn so good a man for one such act, at such a time.

It should also be remembered, that Socrates, with his disciples, and Cicero among the Latins, used the word *divine* to signify *intelligent being*, because spiritually resembling God. They meant by *divine* what we mean by *moral*. It is, however, a doctrine of our own Scriptures, that the God of All employs angelic ministers to execute his will, whom the Jewish doctors call angels of Providence; and the belief in a number of inferior gods, was a corruption of that true opinion. Socrates was wrong, if he really worshipped them, but not wrong in applying to them the epithet *divine*, in his sense of it.

This also explains somewhat the assertion which Socrates is said frequently and seriously to have made, that he had within him a demon, or divine being, who rebuked him when he had done wrong, and urged him to do what was right.† He is supposed by many to have made these declarations, to gain greater respect for his doctrines, as Numa pretended to hold converse with the nymph Egeria, that the Romans might be better persuaded to receive his laws, and not intrude upon the privacy in which he prepared them. The ancients discussed the question as to the nature of this demon, or

*Theodorick de Curatione Græcorum.

† Some stories of the interference of this familiar spirit, though gravely told, are too ridiculous for belief.

god, of Socrates, with great interest; and among the rest, Apulicus, a Latin disciple of Plato, (who lived in the second century of the Christian era,) has written a treatise, in which he learnedly treats of all the opinions which had been offered upon the subject. The conclusion to which he *seems* to come, (for he is not very clear in expressing himself,) is most probably the correct one. The in-dwelling divine spirit of Socrates was his *conscience*. Indeed, a modern has pronounced conscience to be 'God's vicegerent in the soul of man;' and the poet Menander has a line to the same effect:

'In all mortals, conscience is God.'^{*}

The definition of Apulicus is curious, and deserves to be repeated. 'He of whom I speak,' says he, 'dwells in the most profound recesses of the mind, a perfect guardian, a singular prefect, a domestic speculator, a proper curator, an intimate inspector, an assiduous observer, an inseparable arbiter, a reprobater of what is evil, an approver of what is good; and if he is legitimately attended to, sedulously known, and religiously revered, in the way he was revered by Socrates, with justice and innocence, will be a predictor in things uncertain, a premonitor in things dubious, a defender in things dangerous, and an assistant in want.'[†]

Another question will naturally arise in many minds, whether the fact of such opinions being held by heathen Socrates, does not argue against the necessity of divine revelation? We answer no; but that, on the contrary, whatever be the arguments of the modern objector to a divine revelation, he has no right to claim Socrates as his associate.

For, in the first place, the moral opinions of Socrates were very *defective*. This is seen, among other instances, in the manner he treats of women. He never seems to consider their moral influence at all. They are only regarded by him as the mothers of the children of the state, and as little more than necessary evils. The hallowed influence of the marriage contract, and the vital connection of female purity with social happiness, was to him unknown. For in the beginning of the eighth book on the Republic, Plato (and I fear this time with too much truth) puts into his mouth the following startling sentence: 'These things are now agreed on, that in this city, which is to be constituted in a *perfect* manner, *the women are to be common*, the children common, and the education common.' And there are many things of a like character recorded of him elsewhere. Knowing this, we need not wonder that we find him visiting the witty and learned Aspasia, and the less celebrated though clever Throdota, without appearing to think the less of them, that they followed the most infamous profession. Indeed, it is only where christianity has taught men to value the virtues of the heart more than physical strength and voluptuous pleasure, that women are raised to that influence in society, which, among us, they so well deserve, and so beautifully adorn. There only have men learned, that female

^{*} Βροτοῖς ἀπασιν συνεῖδησις θεός.

[†] Apulicus in Dæm. Soc.

virtue is, under God, the purest fountain of human happiness ; that the holiest temple on earth is the home consecrated by the pious ministry of woman ; and that the bosom of a faithful mother is the altar upon which infant man is most securely dedicated to his country, to the world, and to God.

‘ There woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the thorny way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.’*

Beside, no one can be more fully persuaded of the insufficiency of his reason to discover moral truth, than was Socrates himself. It was a favorite observation of his, that the Divine Original had veiled many things in mystery, to teach us dependence and reverence ; nay, that these mysteries proved the superior divinity. For this reason, he constantly exhorted his followers to consult the will of Deity, and seek his guidance. He taught, it is true, the noble maxim, that the ‘ honorable was no other than the useful,’ a principle, which that purest of Roman moralists, Cicero, has so largely and delightfully dwelt upon ; but how to discover, always, what was honorable and useful, he confessed his inability ; and declared his belief, that men would yet be taught by revelation from heaven that which they could not discover themselves. This he states distinctly, in the treatise on the Republic, when he says that a perfect kingdom would yet be established upon earth, by men inspired by God ; and that until such inspiration is given, all attempts to form a perfect state, will be in vain. In the same work he also asserts with confidence, that a perfect example of human excellence would yet appear among men. His description of this perfect or just man is so curious, (I had almost said prophetic,) that I give it here, as it is found in the second book of the Republic. ‘ He will be a simple and ingenuous man, desiring, according to Æschylus, not the semblance but the reality of goodness ; for if he shall be thought to be just, he will have honor and rewards ; and thus it will be uncertain whether he be just for the pure sake of justice, or the rewards and honors of it. Let him be stripped of every thing but his integrity ; while he doth no injustice, let him have the reputation of doing the greatest ; that he may be tortured for justice, not yielding to reproach, or such things as arise from it ; but may be immovable until death, appearing to be unjust through life, yet being really just. The just man being of this disposition, will be scourged, tormented, bound, have his eyes burnt out, and lastly, having suffered all manner of evils, will be CRUCIFIED.†

He speaks yet more plainly in the second Alcibiades, where this dialogue occurs :

Soc. It is altogether necessary, Alcibiades, that you should wait (to be taught to pray) till some person teach you how you ought to behave both toward God and men.

ALCI. And when will that time come, Socrates ? And who is he that will teach me ? With what pleasure ought I to look upon him ?

* J. MONTGOMERY.

† The translation here given, is *Spens'*, for greater proof of its correctness.

Soc. He will do it, who watches over you; but methinks, as we read in Homer, that Minerva scattered the mist that veiled Diomedes' eyes, and hindered him from distinguishing between God and man, so it is necessary that he should, in the first place, scatter the darkness that covers your soul, and afterward give you the remedies that are necessary to put you in a condition to discover between good and evil, for at present you know not how to do so.

Alcr. Let him do so; let him scatter this darkness, and do whatever else he pleases. I abandon myself to his conduct, and am very ready to obey all his commands, provided I shall be made the better for it.

Soc. Do not doubt of that. For this governor I tell you of, has a most tender love for you.

Alcr. I think I had better defer sacrificing till that time.

Soc. You are right, for otherwise you will run a great risk.

Alcr. I will defer it, and to express my gratitude to you for this good counsel, let me take this crown from my head, and place it upon yours. We will give other crowns to the gods for the service we owe them, when I see that happy day — which will not be deferred long, if they please.

Eupolis, a pupil of Socrates, 440 A. C., has left us also an admirable Hymn to the Creator, from which Pope has evidently borrowed the opening part of his Universal Prayer. I subjoin an extract from an excellent translation by Samuel Wesley, the father of the founder of Methodism. It may be found in Coke's life of the latter :

'Author of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Fullness, goodness, rolling round
Thine own fair orb without a bound,
Whether Thee thy suppliants call
Truth, or Good, or one, or all,
EI, or I A.Ω; Thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail;
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same;
Thee will I sing, O Father Jove!
And teach the world to praise and love.
And yet a *greater Hero* far,
(Unless great Socrates doth err,)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown Instructor, come!
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room;
Thou with Jove our vows shall share,
Of Jove and Thee we are the care.'

With such almost prescient opinions, who can doubt that Socrates, had he lived in our day, would have been a Christian? Certainly nothing can be more unfair than for the opponents of revelation to claim him as being with them. And here I cannot avoid adding a testimony, wrung from the soul of the sensual but eloquent Rousseau. It is found in the second volume of 'Emilia.' 'What prejudices, what blindness, must possess that man who dares to compare the son of Sophroniscus with the son of Mary? What an immense distance between them? Socrates dying without pain, without ignominy, easily supported to the last his character; and if this easy death had not cast a lustre upon his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing but a sophist. (Here the Frenchman is characteristically extravagant.) It may be said he invented morality, but before him others had practised it. He only said what they had done, and made lessons of their examples. Aristides had been just, before Socrates said what justice was. Leonidas

had died for his country, before Socrates had made love of country a duty. Sparta was sober, before Socrates had praised sobriety. Before he had defined virtue, Greece abounded with virtuous men. But where did Jesus, among his countrymen, take the pattern of that elevated and pure morality, of which he alone hath given both the precept and example? From the bosom of the most furious fanaticism, the highest Wisdom made herself heard, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtue honored the vilest people upon earth. The death of Jesus, expiring in torments, blasphemed, reviled, execrated by a whole people, is the most fearful death one could dread. Socrates taking the cup of poison, blessed the weeping man who presented it. Jesus, in the midst of a frightful punishment, prayed for his blood-thirsty executioners. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates be that of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus is that of a God!

A little examination will also convince us, that the great doctrines of Socrates were by no means original discoveries of his own. It is commonly, but erroneously, supposed, that idolatry is the early commencement of religion among a people, upon which they improve, as they advance in knowledge and civilization, until they attain a better and more rational faith. The fact, however, is, that all false religions are corruptions of a true faith, which was common to mankind, in the first ages. This was the opinion of St. Paul, who was well acquainted with classic history. For, speaking of the heathen, he says: 'When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts were darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.*' In this he is sustained by history, and the opinions of the ancients themselves. So far from purifying their religion, as they increased in knowledge and refinement, the Greeks and Romans added to the number of their gods every year, until they became countless. Their best philosophers, in later ages, had a high reverence for the opinions of antiquity; and the higher up we follow the stream of moral sentiment, the purer does it become, which is a strong indication that it flowed originally from a pure fountain. Their poets sang, too, of a happy period, which the world at first enjoyed, and which they called the golden age, 'before,' as Virgil says, 'impious men learned to feed upon the slaughtered herds,' and when, according to Ovid,

'Man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And with a native bent did good pursue;
And teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
All unprovoked did fruitful stores allow.'

Thus we find, before the time of Socrates, records, not faint nor few, of the same doctrines which he systematized. Anaxagoras, his great master, undoubtedly taught that 'pure, intelligent, active mind

* Romans i. 21, 22, 23.

was the first cause of all things,' for of this Aristotle and Plato both assure us; and indeed it is thought by many, that we should name a school of philosophy after Homer, who lived at least four hundred years before our sage, and among whose poetical fictions much remarkable truth is apparent. In one of the fragments called Orphica, because by some supposed to have been written by Orpheus, but more correctly attributed to Cecrops, a philosophic founder of a colony in Attica, 1556 years before Christ, or more than a thousand years before Socrates, we find this sentence: 'There is one Power, one Deity, one Great Governor of all things.' The reader is aware, also, that the learned Greeks, (as Pythagoras and Herodotus,) before and about the Socratic period, were accustomed to travel in Egypt, as the then treasure-house of ancient wisdom, and there, through the common people were so degraded as to worship not only beasts and birds, but vegetables, (the onion being one of their gods,) the priests preserved in their secret and guarded mysteries certain great truths, with which the stranger student was permitted to become acquainted. What some of these doctrines were, we may learn from a verse sung in the mysteries of Eleusis, which were copied from those of Egypt: 'Pursue thy path rightly, and contemplate the King of the World. He is One, and of himself alone; and to that One, all things have owed their being. He encompasses all things. No mortal hath beheld him, but he sees all things.' Over the statue of Isis, the chief deity of Egypt, was this wonderful inscription: 'I am all that has been, and all that shall be, and no man hath ever yet lifted my veil.' I need not ask the reader to mark the parallelism between this and the words of God to Moses, 'I AM THAT I AM.' This view of the subject is made still more clear from chronology, which fixes the date of the Phœnician colonies under Ivachus, who settled Greece in 1856, or about fifty years after Abraham, who lived in the days of Shem, the son of Noah, and one of the survivors of the old world, according to Moses. The same historian gives us reason to believe that the worship of the true God was then prevalent in Egypt, (for he declares that the reigning Pharaoh worshipped him,) and probably universal; for Melchisedek, (whom many suppose, with much reason, to have been Shem,) was the royal priest of Jehovah. And, though there is much absurd contradiction in the Chinese chronology, they also, like the Brahmins of India, fix the origin of their religious opinions in a very remote antiquity; while their god Fo or Fohi seems to have been no other than Noah. Our own Indians, too, who hold to the unity and spirituality of God, are declared by the late venerable Boudinot, whose work, entitled 'The Star in the West,' proves his laborious researches among them, to have very distinct traditions of the deluge. Thus, then, we find the opinions of all mankind converging upward to one period — a period when truth prevailed. The moral philosophy of Socrates may thus be supposed to be the gathered fragments of a better and revealed religion, which were too mighty not to have survived the concussions of the iron ages which preceded him.

The very fables of the classic poets show whence their prevalent opinions came corrupted by the muddy stream of tradition. Homer

makes water to have been the principle of all things, and they all refer to an original chaos,

'When air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable,
No certain form on any was imprest,
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.' OVID.

The story of Pandora is very striking. She was, according to Hesiod, the first woman made from clay, and animated. She was given as a wife to Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, and presented her husband with a box, which being opened, there flew from it innumerable evils, such as sickness and death, which have ever since plagued the world, one blessing, *hope*, only remaining. Now Plato tells us, that the meaning of this fable is, that the desire of forbidden luxuries was the cause of all mortal evil. We see at once this story came from the tradition of the fall, and the promise of redemption, which immediately succeeded it. So, when he describes Jupiter as sending his commands to Neptune, that he should allay the storms which threatened the destruction of the Grecian fleet, he makes Iris, the *rainbow*, the messenger who carried the divine will. I will give one more instance of such agreement. Socrates and Plato, and others of the ancients, believed that Divine Providence was administered by inferior agents of the Great Deity. This was the origin of their multiplicity of deities, so that we may say,

'The Naiad bathing in her crystal spring,
The guardian nymph of ev'ry leafy tree,
The rushing Æolus on viewless wing,
The flower-crowned queen of ev'ry cultured lea,
And He who walked with monarch tread the sea,
The awful Thunderer, threatening them aloud,
God! were their dim imaginings of Thee,
Who saw thee only through the misty cloud,
Which sin had thrown around their spirits like a shroud?'

This belief in inferior yet good demons, I have already said, appears to have been a corruption of the Scripture doctrine of ministering angels. To show the probability of this opinion, the reader is requested to compare two extracts; the first from our Christian poet, Spenser, the other from Hesiod, who lived before Homer:

'And is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to us creatures base,
That may compassion of our evils move?
There is, else much more wretched were the race
Of men than beasts; but oh! th' exceeding grace
Of Highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace;
The blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe.

'How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to us who succour want;
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militants.
They for us fight, they watch and duly guard,
And their bright squadrons all around us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God for men have such regard?'

* From an unpublished poem.

But thus Hesiod, after speaking of the golden age :

'When in the grave this guiltless race were laid,
Soon was a world of holy demons made;
Aërial spirits, by great Jove designed
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Invisible to mortal eyes, they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide;
They can reward with glory or with gold,
A power they by divine permission hold.'

Instances of these interesting resemblances of classic fable to sacred story might be greatly multiplied.

Thus it is, that in studying the character and opinions of him for whom unassisted reason did the most, we are the most convinced of the necessity of revelation. All that he knew, which was valuable, was derived from it; and he was himself most fully persuaded, that what he desired yet to know, he could only learn from a heavenly instructor. Alas! that many who profess such a veneration for the sage of Athens, should neglect to learn from him this most important lesson which he taught! It is not necessary to take from Socrates the due credit for virtue and wisdom which the candid scholar must award him, to prove that we need a better wisdom than man can teach. Socrates in the height of his fame is one of the best witnesses that the apologist for Christianity can summon to his cause.

THE 'STONE CHURCH.'

A DEEP, CAVERNOUS RAVINE, IN A MOUNTAIN-SIDE, IN DOVER, DUTCHESS CO., NEW-YORK.

'The groves were God's first temples' — so has sung
The noblest of our poets; one who holds
Communion oft with nature, in her forms
Grand and majestic, but delights to dwell
Amid her scenes of quiet beauty more.
And hallowed be the sentiment, as one
Which purity alone could prompt; but yet,
Were the groves God's first temples? Who can doubt,
Whether of Science or Religion's self
We ask to know, that this primeval fane
Bears earlier date? its deep foundations laid
By the great architect; its arches hewn,
Its massive walls reared upward, pile on pile;
Its altars pillared in the living rock,
Long ere the groves were planted? Ay, and though
Ages have since rolled by, and man is born,
The crowning work of his Creator's hand,
Yet, even at this late day, we seek in vain
Among the various altars man has reared,
From St. Sophia's or St. Peter's dome,
From Britain's gothic ivy-cinctured towers,
Through many a pile of less pretension, down
To yon rude roof that tops the neighboring ridge,
For fitter place to bow and worship God,
Than here, mid these unflinching witnessess
Of power divine, of human nothingness!

T. A. G.

Millvale, (N. Y.) 1838.

THE STARS.

The stars are angels' eyes
 Bright beaming from above;
 Upon the good and wise
 They smile with looks of love;
 And kindly seem to say,
 'Come, kindred spirits, come!
 Offspring like us, of day,
 Come to our heavenly home!'

Go out when, thick and clear,
 They're shining down at night,
 And read that written sphere,
 So eloquent with light;
 And, if thy soul be free
 From sin's polluting stain,
 They'll so discourse to thee,
 Thou'lt often come again.

But if thy secret heart,
 With stings of conscience riven,
 Advises thee thou art
 Traitor to truth and heaven,
 With calm yet stern rebuke,
 They'll tell thee of thy sin,
 And bid thee turn and look
 On the dark scroll within!

New-York, April, 1838.

W. C.

WILSON CONWORTH.

CONCLUDED.

SLIGHT events sometimes make important eras in our life. My meeting with WILLIAM GARRETS, and his subsequent hospitality, his pains to explain to me the principles of his belief, my admiration of those principles, and my impression that they would assist me to recover my self-control, and calm down my excitable character, all followed on in course, and decided me upon what I was to do.

At the earnest solicitation of William, I remained a few days in his house. We spent the time in walking in the fields, and sitting down in the shade, enlightening one another upon the doctrines in which we had been educated. He had never before seen an Unitarian; and when I came to explain to him our doctrine, he wondered why he had never heard of it before; and could never cease from introducing it as a topic of discourse.

He got hold, too, of my own history, without any feeling of idle curiosity showing itself, and invited me to remain in his house as long as I could make it agreeable and useful to myself. It was agreed that I should set about making such arrangements as pleased me, and that I was to become an inmate of his house.

He asked not for any letters; it was enough for him to know that I needed quiet and seclusion — that he could be of assistance to me. So I wrote to my friends, and made my intentions known. They

seemed gratified with my determination, and I felt pleased, because my mode of life was to be something new and untried.

And here, at the age of twenty, I was without any fixed plan of life, after having exhausted all the pleasures of the world, (meaning dissipations,) guided by a kind Providence, who never ceases to care for his children, to a haven of rest, in the bosom of the pleasantest Quaker family in the country.

William Garrets was a Hicksite, a follower of Elias Hicks, a celebrated preacher of liberal opinions claiming them as the tenets of Penn, and Barclay, and other leaders of their class. Hicks is too well known to need comment here. He opened the eyes of many during his natural life, and has now gone to test the truth of his sentiments in eternity. With the highest tone of honorable feeling, the most charitable temper and disposition, the most open-handed hospitality, and the nicest refinement of plain manners, he has lived and died in the eyes of this people to the best purposes.

Probably no man among their order ever did so much good. At the time he began to preach, there were many scattered through their ranks, who were dissatisfied at the leaning of the society toward rank Hopkinsianism. Many had become tinged with the doctrines of this school, and the work of set revivals, a kind of proceeding so foreign to the whole tenor of their creed, began to be aimed at. Dissatisfaction crept in among them, and they were losing their individuality as a people.

Hicks wrote, and talked, and preached up a party to stay this backsliding; and the quiet meeting-houses of the Friends, time out of mind the abodes of peace, the sanctuaries of holy thought, became the theatres of violent polemical discussion. The humble receivers of a creed and manner of worship—in which all was plain and easily understood—from their fathers, they began first to reason, and then to doubt. Confusion and disorder troubled the breasts of the old, and the young ran astray, because their guides had become lost from the path of their religion; and the strange sight was seen of Quakers openly hating each other.

Elias Hicks went abroad and explained to the bewildered multitude what were the tenets of their founders. He collected the scattered bands, and they organized into a party; which once done, with cool and deliberate determination, they ceased from their wranglings—ceased from contention on his side, and the meetings once more sat in silence, and offered up pure and secret prayers in the temples of their souls to the one only and true God.

I lived with William Garrets more than a year, without any object as to the future. I seemed to have imbibed a love of quiet and solitude, and the long, hot summer noons, when not a sound broke the stillness, were seasons of enjoyment to me. The turmoil of my life, the restlessness of dissipation, and the pursuit of novelty, had wearied out my capacity for enjoyments, which depended upon great animal spirits, and bodily force, and I craved stillness and soberness, as the body craves rest from fatigue.

Himself something of a philosopher, I joined him in his scientific researches. We studied entomology and astronomy together. We rambled over the country in pursuit of curious bugs and plants, car-

rying our bug-box and basket; and in the clear summer nights, we sat on the house-top with our telescope and globe, and I listened to strains of natural eloquence, and bursts of devout feelings, which shame all studied arrangements of words.

I could easily obtain from him, too, all the books I wished, upon the subject of the Friends. I read diligently, but observed more. I adopted, in part, the Quaker garb, and found it very convenient and easy. It is not improbable that the fashions of the world may come round to this garb, at some distant day. The broad hat is certainly more useful, in rain or sunshine, than the narrow sugar-loaf of the present day. The neckcloth is easier than the stock. The collar of the shirt is already discarded, as an useless incumbrance. The color of drab is more durable, and more neat, than any other; and the coat, with its single row of buttons, and large pockets, and standing collar, unites the conveniences of the frock-coat, and the succinctness of the 'straight-body.' Square-toed boots are now adopted, and so on with other particulars. Each has some good reason for its adoption and continuance. Their dress was adopted, not as a badge, as many suppose, but it has been the dress of the sect from the time of its origin; at which time it was the dress of all plain people, who were opposed to the tawdriness and extravagance of the followers of the court of Charles. They have seen no good reason to alter it, and if it is conspicuous, it has become so more from the changes of others, than of themselves.

I have ever been led to view the garb of the Quakers as having a high moral influence upon their lives. By it they are constantly reminded of the virtue of consistency. A plain garb begets plain thoughts and meek manners. They must rely upon other sources, with strangers, than external effect. They feel themselves shut out from the empty vanities of the world, and bearing with them in their dress a sign to that effect.

One can hardly meet a more interesting character than a Quaker gentleman of easy fortune, who lives upon the estate of his father, in the country. His house and grounds are the pattern of neatness. There is a venerable and respectable air in the large shade trees, and well-trodden walks that surround his antique dwelling. He rides in a square-topped chaise, drawn by a sleek, fat horse, which has never been abused, and looks as contented, and patient, and well satisfied, as his master. His salutation is cordial and independent. He has a dignity of deportment which flows from an internal peace of mind. You may rely in perfect confidence upon what he says. You will find him well acquainted with agriculture, and with general science. He reads more than men of his rank among the world's people, and is better versed in governments. His children, being constantly surrounded by such examples, are well educated by the mere act of keeping their eyes open; for every point of conduct is a bright lesson to them of what is right. If this character does not approach to the true dignity and honor of man, I should like to know what does.

The Quakers read but little poetry. They worship nature. Their poetry is 'unwritten.' They drink in their inspiration from the fountain head. They worship God in the stars and in the sun. They regard him in the storm. They see him in his majesty, and glory,

and bounty, spreading the earth with plenty, and adorning the abode of man with pure streams, and pleasant pastures. In the shade they thank Him — by the way side, and in the woods. In peace, is his home to them; and they retire to think, alone, upon his goodness. This is their poetry, and they teach it to their children. It is not a well-spring of bitterness to them, as high-wrought poetry often is to the sensitive scholar; filling his heart full of dreams of imaginary bliss — a bliss he can never possess or realize in this world; making his life, as he lives on, one series of disappointments: for

—— ‘charm by charm unwinds
Which robbed our idols, and we see to sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind’s
Ideal shape of such.’

I know something about this sentiment, for I have felt it. It is not a ridiculous subject; its victims are not common men; but they are cursed with too nice a sensibility, and they yield to the influences of a literature, now common in all the towns and villages in our country — thanks to our patriotic booksellers! — as common as the Bible.

Young men and young women get thoughts that belong to the age of chivalry, and the land of song, and poetry, and romance; the plains of Italy, the orange groves of Spain, and the ‘vine-clad hills of France,’ and they expect an Eden will spring up about themselves, in this every-day working country. They are ushered into the world with these high hopes, and their airy castles fall, and they are desolate. Educated out of, and away from, the standard of things as they are, they are not calculated to excite the sympathies of the people among whom they live. They belong either to the age gone by, or the one to come, or to none at all, and they look in vain for the realization of their hopes.

CHAPTER XVII.

‘COULD I escape the guilt of having stopped
The pulse of hope in the most innocent soul
That ever passion ruffled!’

I HAD now lived with this quiet family for more than a year, when an event occurred which changed all my plans, and threw me once more into the bustle of the world. But I went forth strong in my own estimation. My time had been devoted to reflection; and, retracing the steps of my life, I could see the rock on which I had split — irresolution, or the yielding to impulse. I had thought more than I had read, and conversed much with men, the very antipodes of myself, in habits of action and thinking. From them I drew large stores of wisdom. I learned to distinguish the false from the true, the alluring from the useful. The familiarity of Quaker habits, and a taste of the sweetness of its simple life, had won me from love of passion and excitement, as I thought. But I afterward discovered that this very quietness was excitement of a different order. I had been, all the time that I prided myself so much upon my change of

character, the creature of a deep enthusiasm. I had been burning inwardly; and the fire which before seared me on the outside, had been kept alive by preying inwardly, and consuming my vitals. The old disease still raged on, and only sought opportunity to break out with redoubled force. So little hope can those who have wasted their youth have, of ever shaking off the penalty of sin. I then learned to appreciate the words of an elderly friend, who once, in answering a letter from me, in which I had written in praise of my regularity and studious attention, after some time of wild dissipation, said: 'The marked self-complacency of your letter constrains me to repeat a remark I have often made to you, that the calm and placid state which is sometimes experienced after the subsidence of irregular passion, far from proving the mind sound, is but a symptom of inherent disease. In such moments — moments so different from those which preceded, and in the comparison so hallowed — there is and must be great quietness of spirit, and indescribable satisfaction; but believe me, all this delightful consciousness does not constitute a truly wonderful change, nor any change at all. Let me add, no man was ever astonished at his own proficiency in goodness, who was not at the same time under the strongest and most dangerous delusion in the power of self-love to produce. Remember that the heart is deceitful chiefly in its pleadings in its own favor.'

I have quoted largely from this letter, because it seems to me that the remarks contain a great deal of truth; and beside, if these pages ever reach the eye of him who wrote it, that he may know that though his words were disregarded, yet they were never unappreciated, nor his friendship forgotten. Yes, I fully felt the truth of his words, when circumstances called upon me to give up my seclusion, and I rushed into the world, strong and confident of my power.

My father, in answering a draft I had made upon him, told me that he feared it was the last money he could send me; that losses in trade had reduced him almost to want. This came upon me quite unexpectedly. I had never thought of this chance. But there was no alternative, and I set about to consider what I should do. I could think of no plan. I was entirely disqualified by education, habits, and by unmeaning pride, for acting in such a case.

At last, as a desperate result, I made up my mind that I could work, if it came to the worst, and get my bread by the sweat of my brow. I knew that any man can live in this country by manual labor.

Here I was placed in a situation which overtakes many Americans, born and educated as I was. The result is, that it either leads them into crime, and the lowest depths of vice, or brings out the energies of their characters, and works for their good. Here we see a fault in that system of education which forms for prosperity, but stores no treasures for adversity.

I bade adieu to my kind friends, the Quakers, with regret. William gave me letters to two of his friends in the city. I did not see their contents. In looking over my finances, after my arrival there, I found in the bottom of my trunk a letter addressed to myself. I opened it, and what was my surprise to find that it contained the full amount of the money I had insisted upon paying for my ex-

penses, during my residence with my friend. 'Friend,' it read, 'thee is in distress; and although I yielded to thy entreaty to take money for thy board, I did so to avoid opposing thy will at the time. In giving it back, I have done even as I would that others should do to me. If we could change places, I feel assured that thee would have acted as I have done. Accept it, as a loan, at least; and when convenient, return it, if thee pleases. We are all amply recompensed for thy expenses, by the mutual kindness and improvement we have reaped from thy tarrying with us. May heaven bless thee! Call upon Friend Bond. He can employ thee, as I think.'

I lost no time in calling upon Friend Bond, whom I found to be a merchant of high standing, retired from business, upon an easy fortune, which he spent in works of benevolence and christianity.

He promptly opened his subject, and after saying he was perfectly satisfied with the letter I brought him, offered me a home in his house, if I would consent to keep his accounts. I found that William Garrets had transacted the whole business for me, probably seeing my unfitness to make any application in my own behalf. And on the second day of my arrival, I found myself partaking of the simple refinements of Quaker life in a city, than which nothing is in truer taste. I soon got acquainted with his wishes, though I made but a sad beginning; but he corrected my errors so kindly, and by never appearing other than satisfied, I became pleased with myself, and more anxious to please him. Occupation, which is the secret of happiness, kept out morbid states of mind, and I was really happy, for a time, in the exercise of constant labor.

Six months rolled on, and still found me improved, and the source of improvement to others; but my early disposition to love, soon wrecked all my prospects.

Friend Bond's eldest daughter was nearly seventeen; an artless girl, who had read more than was for her own good. Under her cold exterior, she covered a heart all passion and fire. It was not art that concealed it, but native modesty; and I hardly believe she herself knew the depth of her own enthusiasm. I can scarcely tell how it was, but an attachment certainly grew between us; involuntary on my part—perhaps so on hers. I know how I ought to have acted. I should have fled from this peaceful family; but then I should only have left the effect to have been produced by others, while I should have escaped. Yes! I should have fled; but, blinded by my own passion, I kept on, and 'nursed the pinion that impelled the steel.' It was so new to be loved, simply and honestly, with no guile or plan; to trust to the feeling itself, and not to artificial aids to passion, which most people are obliged to resort to, to keep up the illusion, that I loved now better than ever, and while I indulged an old passion, by the novelty of the attending circumstances, it was almost like a new one. Beside, I got room to draw some philosophical deductions about the passion; to find out the falsity of that theory of love, which makes it impossible for us to love but one object during life. The truth of the whole matter is this: We feel but once that headlong ardor, that intensity of passion, which is spurred on by novelty and inexperience, and which places woman

above humanity—a being to be idolized, and looked up to, and prayed to. When such a love is not consummated, the passing away of the illusion is like taking the vital breath from the body; it is like the escape of air condensed by artificial means, which sometimes destroys the vessel that contains it. This sudden change of habit, of feeling sometimes, if acting upon a sickly imagination, destroys life. So that people do die for love, as well as for loss of property, and other misfortunes which take away interest in life, and leave a canker at the heart. But shall we conclude from this, that we may not feel attachment twice? Deprived, by freak, of one object of affection, though we may mourn the loss, if we discover qualities to admire in another, may we not wish to bring ourselves within the sphere of their influence?—to possess them? This is love. Is it inconsistent to have shades of remembrance of past friends? Are we unjust to the present, by reflecting upon the noble qualities of those we have lost? Is not the present possession raised in value, by feeling that it is something really true, and common, and rational, and lasting, that we possess? Young men, mad with wine, and tobacco, and young ladies—nervous from late hours, and tight lacing, and cologne water—may sneer at such reasoning; but we shall find it to be true in life.

There are many incentives to loving. The beauty of the object, the thought that we are beloved, the desire of returning an honorable attachment, the fear of wounding the pride of a delicate girl. I cannot say whether I felt most pleasure or pain, in suspecting that I had gained the affections of Rebecca Bond. If I had thought that she knew me, if she could have known all my weaknesses, and crimes, and faults, and *then* have loved me, I should have been thankful for her affection. But now she only knew me by present appearances. She was giving her earliest affections, her virgin feelings, to one who had run through the whole catalogue of vices. To not deceive her, seemed like theft; and yet I could not do it. So that in reflecting upon the subject, I began in earnest to love her.

One evening I was about to start upon a journey to a distant part of the country, on urgent business for her father, and it so happened that we were left alone in the library. I began to talk of my contemplated absence, and to hope she would study a great deal, etc. I looked in her face, and it was suffused with tears. She felt the secret was out. Her simplicity could not save her; and all she could do, was to hide her face in my bosom. What could I have done? Upon the instant I determined to marry her. I saw no other ground I could honorably take. I consoled her grief, cautioned her about her feelings, assured her of my happiness, and said all I should have said, and perhaps more. The next morning I departed.

During my journey, she occupied my whole thoughts, and every stage only increased my passion. 'How superior,' thought I, 'is the love of this young girl, unaccustomed to the world, to that of the heartless and false doll of dress, whose every word is for effect, and every thought a desire for admiration; who can sacrifice all domestic pleasures, and follow fashion and vice—vice of thought; who lives only in crowds, and is miserable alone; who loves self supremely,

and takes a husband for his carriage and house, and enters into matrimony for the liberties it allows her.' There are such women; the idols of the ball-room, and the belles of watering-places. They enjoy a butterfly celebrity, and then decay early, in mind and body; the victims to fashion, or worse. What thoughts must linger around the bosoms of such women, on their dying beds, as they think of their neglected children, their neglected God! Young men know not what they follow, as they glide on in the wake of the plumed syren of the dance. They are the false lights which meteors hold out to draw the tumbling ships upon the rocks. They lure us on with music, and the pattering of tiny feet, and their jewelled fingers, and false smiles, and falser hearts; and when the victim is caught, like the veiled prophet, they display their awful hideousness. No, no! Love is found in gentle hearts. It dwells not amid the riots of pleasure; it dies in the glare of splendor, and cannot live in the heart devoted to dress, and weak follies. It is more nurtured in quietness, than in loud applause, or the world's praise. Give me the hardly defined feelings of a young and timid girl, and I leave to you the confessions of the gaudy coquette. Give me the beaming glance of a liquid eye, and I yield the bright and flashing blaze of the proud beauty to others. I would not trust a *belle* nor a *blue*. They are each too philosophical in their own way.

His heart would have been cold indeed, that would not have been touched with the proofs of love I received from the gentle Rebecca, on my return. She had grown thin and pale, during my absence. The first time we were alone together, she wished the assurance of my affection, and I gave it to her, as truly as tears now blot the page for her sufferings. I explained to her as much as I could of myself, and warned her to be circumspect. I felt guilty in cherishing this secret attachment, but who can resist the fascinations of woman's love? The good Quaker suspected nothing wrong; and there was nothing wrong; though to be secret, might be wrong. I came to love her extravagantly, and was fast approaching the climacteric of my feelings. Her affections seemed pure from the hand of nature. Like the young bud of the wilderness, human eye had never looked upon her heart. Her heart was a bud blossoming because it was ripe, and I happened to be the first passer-by to snatch its fragrance. Would to God we had never met!

I am drawing near to the end of my story. I have got as far as it can do good for any one to know. Why must I harrow up my own feelings, by telling of the base suspicions that rested upon me? Yes, I was charged by the simple-hearted old man with the ruin of his daughter. The same simplicity that gave me all liberties, now was turned into the opposite scale. A kiss betrayed us.

William Garrets exculpated me, in his own mind, but he could not convince his friend. My eyes were open to the evil I had unconsciously committed. 'This,' said I, 'adds another heart, blighted by contact with mine, and one more link to the long chain of my unhappiness.'

* * * * *

SHE clung to me as if for life. Suddenly I felt a quivering sensation run through her body, and with a shrill cry of agony, she dropped

dead at my feet. Oh, my God! — the agony of that moment! The old man gave me one pale, wild glance; and the daughter he would not look at while living, he embraced when dead.

I staid in this city long enough for the affair to undergo legal examination, and then departed. Where?

CHAPTER XVIII.

Yes, where! I have traversed many lands, solitary and alone. I have never dared, since that fatal night, when my arms enclosed a corpse, to give or receive friendship. A curse seemed to light upon all associated with me; and it seems that I was born to become a beacon to others; kept alive to endure the buffetings of the storm, and, amid the tempests that well nigh overwhelm it, raising a light to warn off the approaching ship. My story is the light I was made to lift. I have told a long tale, because my approaching dissolution warns me to employ all my remaining strength, (which has been wonderfully preserved, it would seem, for the very purpose,) for the good of my fellow-men. All I can say more, is, let others look to the early years of their children. Let young men look to the early years still left them. Our early years color our whole lives, as surely as the fountain sweetens or embitters the waters of the stream.

THE PARTING CUP.

But one more cup before we part,
A kindly pledge from heart to heart,
A warm and sympathetic token,
Of feelings strong, but yet unspoken,
A full libation at the shrine,
Where friendship consecrates the wine.

Ah! happy they who shun the strife,
The baneful thoughts that poison life,
Who, ever ready to forgive,
Would love their fellows while they live,
And free from every dark design,
Wash down all hatred with their wine.

The years of life, they rise and pass,
Like bubbles in the sparkling glass;
Too few they are, to let us spare
One needless thought to vexing care;
Nor should we at our lot repine,
Who find good humor — and good wine.

Then one more cup before we part,
A kindly pledge from heart to heart,
A warm and sympathetic token,
Of feelings strong, but yet unspoken;
A full libation at the shrine
Where friendship consecrates the wine.

Hartford, (Conn.)

LE CHANSONNIER.

THE TRUE HERO.

'INSANAS curas, studiumque ignobile vulgi talia, mens horum sobria post habuit; sed quasi per latebras et amœna silentia vallis, innocuam vitæ sustinere viam.'

DEEP in the vale of humble life,
Oft have I seen the mortal strife
By village hero waged;
Stretched on his pallet cold and scant,
With destitution, sickness, want,
And pain at once engaged.

Deserted in his hour of need
By friends as false as broken reed,
He to himself is true!
Though unsupported by the loud
But senseless clamors of the crowd,
Or plaudits of the few.

One EYE there is, and that alone
This moral grandeur from His throne
Contemplates, and sustains:
More high doth He that peasant hold
Than him who, canopied by gold,
O'er subject millions reigns.

Then think no more that Virtue stands
More firm, because admiring bands
Of friends or flatterers cheer;
Through darkness, silence, solitude,
By none sustained, by nought subdued,
She holds her bright career.

Friendless, forlorn, with pain to cope,
And peril doom'd, till faith and hope
Are in fruition lost;
Each ill surmounted or o'erthrown,
She courts the ken of One alone,
But finds that One a host!

Thus, throned on rocks, Missouri takes
His giant leap, and thundering shakes
The depth of woods below!
His lone magnificence displays,
Where not an eye the pomp surveys,
But His that bade him flow.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE TIDES OF THE OCEAN AND THE 'GULF STREAM.'

BY MOSES MOHAWK.

In every operation of nature, which we profess clearly to understand, we may remark that the most striking feature is *SIMPLICITY*. We find nothing at variance with, or in the least degree differing from, the plainest notions or conceptions of propriety and common sense. And not unfrequently, when we have removed a seeming veil, and unfolded a hidden mystery, our admiration and wonder are excited, as we are *made acquainted with the apparently artless means* by which Nature accomplishes her works. This is a prominent feature every where, and in every thing. It is this which so powerfully captivates our 'wondering sense,' and here we may trace the true source of the 'sublime and beautiful.' And yet, notwithstanding these manifestations, men are too much disposed to look to far distant causes of certain effects, when those very causes lie spread before them. Hence we find, that some investigators soar into the regions of space, and others plunge into the bowels of the earth, in search of facts and arguments to substantiate a favorite theory, when the causes they would endeavor to explain, surround them like the air they breathe, and are sometimes palpable to the touch.

The tides of the ocean have been an enigma to learned men through all time, and until within a late period, their movements were a mystery as incomprehensible as the structure of the heavens.

The Newtonian theory is now *generally* received as unquestionable truth, and is, I believe, the only one that is studied and taught in all literary institutions. Yet it is well understood, that many scientific men have long doubted its correctness, although they yield their acquiescence in its soundness, because no one has yet been found capable of substituting a better. Nor do I believe the secret will ever be revealed to man, so as to be made clearly intelligible, until it shall please the Great Founder of the system to infuse into some one of his humble creatures a double portion of his own incomprehensible and all-pervading spirit.

The theory of the tides, as explained in the present day, is so perfectly plausible, from its strict conformity with certain movements and operations, continually taking place, that few are disposed to call it in question, while most men readily yield it their unqualified conviction. With many, it would probably be deemed a waste of time, if not an evidence of presumption, to doubt its entire correctness, or withhold from it unreserved and implicit faith. To such I would say, I have no desire to disturb or unhinge their settled impressions, and therefore I address myself to those who are not so thoroughly wedded to preconceived and long-established notions, as to believe that no reasonable arguments can be brought forward to show their fallacy, or illustrate any new position.

The grand defence in favor of the prevailing theory, is the uniform action of the tides, in certain latitudes, corresponding with the position of the moon in the heavens, and this uniformity has served to confirm it in the opinion of numerous philosophers throughout the world. Many there are who maintain its unalterable truth; but with all becoming deference, I shall presume to call in question its correctness, and to express my full persuasion of its utter impossibility.

It is evident, to my understanding, that what is strictly a *coincidence* between the position of the planets and the tides of the ocean, has been interpreted into a law, or agency, of a very different character. There was to be a fulfilment of certain great designs, and this was to be done by simple and natural means, and not by resorting to a process so entirely strange as to be impracticable in itself, and so ill devised as to impeach the wisdom even of the Great Architect himself. In consequence of this coincidence, a most potent agency is ascribed to a secondary planet, at an immense distance, which, in my judgment, is as false in fact as it is absurd in theory. I am thoroughly convinced that no such agency exists, not only from the facts which shall be brought forward, and which are indisputable, but from the plainest analogy, and the evident fitness of things. It is at variance with all the obvious indications and purposes of nature, so far as they are made known, and plainly repugnant to the dictates of common sense. Let me but ask, why the power to impart so important and indispensable an impulse, should be placed in a secondary planet, at the distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles, when it could be so much more conveniently and beneficially placed in the primary planet itself? And if the moon must be admitted to exercise so decisive and commanding an influence on the earth, what then must be the influence of the earth upon the moon? for we must suppose the operation to be reciprocal. And if the

moon must be admitted to exercise so decisive and commanding an influence on the earth, what then must be the influence of the earth upon the moon?—for we must suppose the operation to be reciprocal. And if the influence of the earth on the moon corresponds with its superior magnitude and importance, then are we authorized to suppose that the lunar oceans would be subject to a tremendous agitation indeed. How does this agree with the simplicity of nature's works, and her acknowledged wisdom and economy? I can imagine nothing more ridiculous than such suppositions, nor any thing more adverse to the general impressions of mankind, in relation to the decrees of eternal wisdom.

I think a plausible, and to my mind a very rational opinion, can be advanced, why it is that at the full and change of the moon we invariably see what are denominated *spring tides*. It is known that the earth acts to the moon as a moon, and that, according to the opinion of astronomers, as seen by the inhabitants of the moon, it is the 'most magnificent object visible in the heavens.' Now this harmony of action, this remarkable coincidence, in all probability fulfils a law that is of infinite importance to the moon and its inhabitants. It may be fairly presumed, without any extravagance, that whenever she reaches the above points in her orbit, she requires a greater portion of light to be thrown from the earth than is done under ordinary circumstances. For let it be remembered that at such times there are many more millions of acres of land covered with water than is the case with the usual tides, and that consequently the light is increased in that proportion, and reflected upon the moon in a corresponding degree. By this means, important objects may be accomplished; and while in countless ways the advantages may be felt by the earth, and its swarms of inhabitants, an equally important advantage may be conferred on the inhabitants of the moon. Here, it would seem to me, we may perceive some of the great and signal benefits imparted by a coincidence which is as wise as it is beneficial and beautiful.

Philosophers, however, have thought proper, from the fact of a forever recurring regularity, to invest in a secondary planet an all-powerful agency in the movements of the great oceans of the primary, and that too in direct contravention of all those plain and simple operations, which, as far as they are comprehended, agree so perfectly with the ordinary perceptions of mankind every where. And however universal may be such belief, I have no more faith in this presumed control of the moon, than I should have if I were told that by the same means our blood was propelled from the heart to the extremities, and back again to the heart. I should deem one quite as rational as the other, and quite as consistent with truth, and with those principles of order which are known to be 'heaven's first law.'

It is well known that under the line there is very little tide. Now this would appear extraordinary, if we are to believe that the influence of the moon is such as to produce tides so singular in their effects as continually occur. It must be clear to every one, that the surface of the earth under the line is much nearer the moon than it is in high northern or southern latitudes; and it would therefore

seem to follow, as a fair consequence, that there, owing to the convexity of the earth, the tides ought to be much the highest. The fact, however, is precisely the reverse of this; showing, contrary to all established laws, that in proportion as we recede from the centre of power, or the first impulse, so it increases in force, and that too to a surprising extent. In New-York, for instance, the ordinary tides are about six feet, and even two in Albany; in Boston ten to twelve, and in the Bay of Fundy forty to fifty. How such facts are to be reconciled with that theory which places this wonderful influence in the moon, I am utterly unable to conceive. It appears to me to be wholly inconsistent with all those causes and effects with which we are most familiar, and disagrees entirely with those principles of philosophy which are known to be well established in other respects, and which so universally accord with the reasoning faculties and perceptions of men.

I think my notions will be still farther illustrated, by a reference to the Mediterranean, the Black, and the Caspian seas. Surely, these are of sufficient magnitude to be subject to the influence of the moon, if such influence existed; yet in the first named sea it is barely perceptible, and in the others it is not felt at all. The same remark will apply to the great inland seas of America, where it is known, also, there is not the slightest appearance of tide. Now if we admit that the moon does really exercise the extraordinary power ascribed to it, how can we account for its controlling power being thus partial? Why should its force be restricted to the great oceans only, and even on these found to operate so unequally? If in some places the tides are strong and full, in others they are partial and feeble. In a certain latitude on the Pacific, they rise very high, and in a corresponding latitude on the Atlantic, there is very little; the tides in both oceans making nearly at the same time.

THERE is one phenomenon in the Atlantic ocean, which may perhaps be considered its greatest wonder, but which remains the least satisfactorily explained. This is that extraordinary movement denominated the *Gulf Stream*, which commences in the Bay of Mexico, and stretches along contiguous to the whole coast of North America, and after sweeping in a circular manner almost across the ocean, is lost not far from the confines of Africa. This prodigious current is estimated, by some navigators, to be sixty miles in width, and to move, for an immense distance, at the rate of not less than two-and-a-half miles an hour.

Theories are not wanting to account for this inexplicable and deep mystery. The most prevalent, though by no means one that is satisfactory, is that which traces it to a great accumulation of water in the Bay of Mexico, occasioned by the trade winds, and which finds an outlet in this way. This would lead to the supposition that there must be a strong pressure from the Atlantic into the Caribbean Sea, and so around through the Bay of Mexico. But we have no knowledge of any such operation. Hence the explanation given I deem neither conclusive nor carrying with it a very strong probability. It is moreover disbelieved by many scientific men, of profound reflection and

observation. Nor can it be deemed the least singular feature in this great mystery, that the water is found to be of a considerably higher temperature than that on either side of it, and which indicates the usual degree of warmth in the ocean. Where shall we seek for the source of this perpetual heat?

I shall here assume an hypothesis, which to some may seem strange, from its entire newness, but which, from long reflection, and the best view I have been able to take of the subject, appears to me the only correct one. That some portion of the substratum of the Bay of Mexico covers a vast volcano, there rests on my mind no manner of doubt. The high temperature communicated to the Gulf Stream can only be produced by such a cause; and I hesitate not to say, it can originate in no other. Hence the unceasing action and unchanging warmth of the water must proceed from its contiguity to a mighty deposit of unquenchable fires. Its natural effect is, to beget perpetual motion; and here, I think we are justified in believing, is the grand secret. This immense mass of heated water must have vent. There is but one way in which this can be accomplished, and that is, by making a current in an *easterly direction*. This must be the plain and simple operation, and that too for very obvious reasons. It cannot go south or west, for reasons that are at once evident and conclusive. The whole of that portion of the ocean comprised between North and South America and the West India Islands, partakes of a higher degree of warmth than any other; beside, in those directions, there is no escape; whereas the broad Atlantic to the east is colder, by many degrees, than is the case in the Caribbean Sea, and among the islands. How much more so, indeed, when we take into view the vast islands of ice which are floated by cold northern currents from the coasts of Greenland, Norway, etc., (and these currents I believe to be perpetual,) and which almost every season are encountered by vessels in temperate and even in warm latitudes. Here, in my opinion, are abundant causes, and the perfectly natural and true causes, why the Gulf Stream must necessarily take this course, and why it can take no other. It is neither more nor less than that well-established principle in physical laws, which seeks to bring about an equilibrium in the elements, wherever, by force of circumstances, an inequality is created. This operation is both natural and simple; and according to the view that presents itself to my mind, here are the concealed but actual agents, which occasion one of the most extraordinary movements in the ocean, that has ever engaged the attention of mankind. Whether there be a subterraneous communication between the Pacific and the Bay of Mexico, must be conjectural. Should my hypothesis be admitted as truth, it still remains a matter of amazement, and deep wonder. The chief cause can only exist in an immense deposit of those hidden fires which the Creator has treasured up in the bowels of the earth, to be called forth at the appointed time, and employed for inscrutable but wise purposes. The earthquakes that shook the Mississippi country, in such a frightful manner, a number of years ago, are ample proof of the existence of these fires. And that they do not burst forth and convulse the earth, in a way still more destructive and terrific, is no evidence that they will sleep for ever.

We have before us, then, the everlasting results of two inconceivably powerful as well as permanent impulses, one of which, according to general belief, (though I think most preposterously,) is lodged in the moon, and the other, by universal assent, admitted to exist in the earth itself. How such hypotheses are to be reconciled with each other, or with that plainness and simplicity which are indisputable characteristics of Nature, in her accustomed displays and purposes, and which in all cases, where understood, agree so well with the ordinary judgment and reasoning powers of men, is beyond the reach of my ken or comprehension.

HAVING expressed my entire disbelief in the prevailing theory that the tides are produced through the instrumentality of the moon, I shall now submit to the reader certain facts, which no one will presume to doubt, or attempt to controvert; and I think they will be found to corroborate my position, beyond the reach of dispute or cavil. They are the result of recent observations and experiments, and their authority cannot be questioned. The first in order here follows.

Observations copied from '*An Account of Levellings carried across the Isthmus of Panama, to ascertain the relative height of the Pacific Ocean at Panama, and of the Atlantic at the mouth of the river Chagres, accompanied by geographical and topographical notices of the Isthmus.* By John Augustus Lloyd, Esq. Communicated by Capt. Sabine, Secretary of the Royal Society.'

'By careful and continued observations, I found the rise and fall of the tide in the Pacific, at Panama, as follows: Between the extreme elevation and depression of the water by occasional tides, there is a difference of 27.44 feet, and the mean actual rise and fall, two days after full moon, 21.22 feet.

'At Chagres I observed the rise and fall of the tide at the close of the dry season, in April, 1829, to be 1.16 feet, and being there subsequently, during the rainy season, I had an opportunity of observing that the high water mark was the same in both seasons.

'The time of high water is nearly the same at Chagres and at Panama, namely, at 3 h. 20 m., at full and change. Hence the following interesting and curious phenomena are deducible, in respect to the difference of level of the two seas:

'1st. High water mark at Panama is 13.55 feet above high water mark of the Atlantic at Chagres. Half the rise and fall of spring tides at Panama is 10.61 feet, and at Chagres, 0.58 of a foot; and assuming half the rise and fall above the low water of spring tides to be the respective mean levels, the mean height of the Pacific at Panama is 3.52 feet higher than that of the Atlantic at Chagres.

'2d. At high water, the time of which is nearly the same on both sides the Isthmus, the Pacific is raised at mean tides 10.61 feet, and the Atlantic 0.58 of a foot above their respective mean levels. The Pacific is therefore the highest at such times (10.61—0.58—3.52) 13.55 feet.

'3d. At low water, both seas are the same quantities below their respective mean levels; therefore at such times the Pacific is lower than the Atlantic by (10.61—0.55—3.52) 6.51 feet.

'In every twelve hours, therefore, and commencing with high tides, the level of the Pacific is first several feet higher than that of the Atlantic; it becomes then of the same height, and at low tide several feet lower; again, as the tide rises, the two seas are of one height; and finally, at high tide, the Pacific is again the same number of feet above the Atlantic as at first.'

Several years since I became acquainted with an intelligent and well-educated American naval officer, who had traversed that region of country, and who confirmed the above facts, in all the essential particulars. He stated that in the Bay of Panama the ordinary tides were about twelve feet, and the spring tides frequently twenty-two. At the mouths of the Chagres and St. John's rivers, the ordinary tide was only a foot and seven or eight inches.

Here are two great contiguous oceans, in both of which the tides make nearly at the same time, and yet the difference in their elevation ascertained to be most extraordinary, and showing incontestibly that an agency very different from that presumed to be placed in the moon, is employed in producing this unexplained mystery.

The next important fact, and one on which entire reliance may be placed, is copied from Williams' 'Narrative of Missionary Enterprise in the South Sea Islands.' This is a work of unusual merit; for, in addition to a full and very instructive detail of all the important circumstances immediately connected with his mission, it abounds with sketches of natural history, and with topographical and geographical remarks, the whole of which are highly interesting and valuable. An excellent edition of this work has been recently republished in New-York, by Messrs. Appleton and Company. The writer's remarks on the tides are:

'Upon a variety of other interesting topics in reference to Rarotonga, I must be equally brief. Some, indeed, I must pass over altogether: An observation or two, however, upon the tides, should not be omitted. It is to the Missionaries a well known fact, that the tides in Tahiti, and the Society Islands, are uniform throughout the year, both as to the time of the ebb and flow, and the height of the rise and fall, it being high water *invariably* at noon and midnight, and consequently the water is at its lowest point at six o'clock in the morning and evening. The rise is seldom more than eighteen inches or two feet above low water mark. It must be observed, that mostly once, and frequently twice, in the year, a very heavy sea rolls over the reef, and bursts with great violence upon the shore. But the most remarkable feature in the periodically high sea, is that it *invariably* comes from W. and S. W., which is the *opposite direction* to that from which the trade wind blows. The eastern sides of the islands are, I believe, never injured by these periodical inundations.'

The third fact to which I shall refer, will be found in 'Topographical Sketches of Florida,' published a few years since. Not having the work at command, I must quote from memory. Speaking of the tides on the west coast of the peninsula, the writer says,

that in one district, the tides ebb and flow *once in three hours*, and in another only *once in twelve hours* ; and that these movements are believed to take place with as much uniformity as are usually characteristic of these phenomena. Ordinary tides are known to have their flux and reflux once in about six hours.

To conclude. It is known that there are two stupendous agents exercising incessant influence in the movements of the Atlantic ocean. The effects are continually manifest, but the power itself is concealed. The secret is beyond our comprehension, and therefore we are left to conjecture. We can reason only from analogy, and from the few familiar facts which, through a series of ages, have been revealed to us. One leading truth we must concede, which is, that the operations of nature are neither complicated nor ambiguous ; for wherever we are made acquainted with them, we find nothing crude or mystified ; nothing strained, nothing far-fetched. The adaptation of means to ends is both natural and easy, and the process by which they go on, may be compared to the grace and beauty of the flowing stream.

From these circumstances, which are undeniable, I think we are authorized to believe, that wherever may be the origin of the impulses given to the oceans, varied and singular as the effects are known to be, these impulses cannot be rationally sought for in remote or distant depositories. And I would beg leave to repeat a question already asked : ‘ Why should that power which governs the tides, be placed in a secondary planet, at an immense distance, when, as we may suppose, it could be much more conveniently and advantageously lodged in the primary itself ? ’ That the sole and original powers which beget consequences so extraordinary as the incessant rushing in, and recession of the tides, and the perpetual motion and warmth of the Gulf Stream, are the certain results of natural and wise lodgments in the earth itself, I have little more doubt than I have that the sun is the fountain of light and heat. And if I were asked how and by what means are all those wonders effected, I could answer by asking another question, equally pertinent : ‘ By what means does the sun turn on his own axis ? ’ But throwing aside all hyperbole, I shall presume to offer an opinion respecting these phenomena, whatever of extravagance may be attached to it. My thorough persuasion, therefore, is, that they are all the result of INTERNAL ORGANIZATION — PERFECT ORGANIZATION. I do not believe the moon exercises the slightest influence in relation to one more than the other, and this I think must be admitted, as a reasonable and fair conclusion, from the evident weight and importance of the facts adduced. And, viewed in any other light, the subject appears to me not only enveloped in far-sought and impenetrable mystery, but wrapped in the mantle of inexplicable absurdity.

FORGOTTEN HEROES.

MORN lay on crowned Olympus' steep,
And silver Peneus' tide;
And the giant mists wound slowly up
Along piled Ossa's side.

And fair as in the elder time,
Beneath lay Tempe's vale;
And afar flashed *Aëta's* fabled height,
And *Malia's* distant sail.

Morning in storied Greece — and song,
Like the startling trumpet's clang,
From the olive-gatherers on the heights,
Through the leafy branches rang.

And where the purple dropping fruit,
Uppiled each teeming wain,
O'er the grape-wreathed hills, the vintagers,
Swelled out the Homeric strain.

And the peasant mother at her door,
To the babe that climbed her knee,
Sang aloud the land's heroic songs —
Sang of *Thermopylæ*!

Sang of *Mycale*! of *Marathon*!
Of proud *Plataea's* day!
And back the ringing ancient hills
Echoed the glorious lay!

O godlike name, and godlike deed,
Ye had your Bard — *ARISTIDES*!
Ye are sounds to thrill like a battle-shout!
LEONIDAS! — *MULTIADES*!

But they who lived, ere o'er the land
Rome's conquering cohorts poured,
Ere the free earth echoed the charger tramp,
Of the hostile Asian horde:

Or ere o'er fallen *Ilium's* domes,
High blazed her funeral pyre —
Ages, ere *Chios' bard* to praise
Of heroes, turned the lyre.

Dwelt they where proud *Eurotas' stream*,
The crowned river, lay?
Or where bright *Ilissus* wandered on
Through flowery *Attica*?

Where closed the fight at eve? What grove
With songs triumphal rang,
While high on the waving boughs their shields
To the cooling breezes swang?

Who were the mighty? say! No voice
Breaks from their hidden urns;
From the dim funereal cypress grove,
No answering sound returns.

Forgotten all! — for them no bard
The heroic lay might swell;
There were none for them to raise the song,
Or strike the sounding shell.

And the land hath now no memory
Of their old battle day;
With the fiery breath of their charging steeds,
They have passed from earth away.

FONE.

THE STUDENT.*

'DESIRE to know, without the means, is given
To some, by the mysterious will of heaven,
Among the tortures of the nether zone.' DANTE'S 'PURGATORIO'.

'With the stars,
And the quick spirit of the universe,
He held his dialogues; and they did teach,
To him the magic of their mysteries.' BYRON.

THE red rays of an autumn sunset spread a halo over the turrets of Castle D —, which in its ruins seemed as an eloquent wreck of the mighty past appealing to the future; a melancholy voice, telling of power and magnificence, when all had departed. 'Proud though in desolation,' it stood like some hoary representative of a fallen house, whose lofty bearing and unconquerable spirit are all that remain of the fairy tale of life. Below lay the ancient shadows of the Black Forest; and now its paths grew dimmer, and its long vistas darker; and at last not a ray was seen over the mingled gloom, save the red glow on the western tower of the venerable castle. Passing through one of its narrow casements, the mild warm sunlight streamed along a small desolate apartment; and lighted the pale cheek of a student, who sat with brow resting on his hand, and compressed lips, and bright but restless gaze. Papers and folios lay in confusion around him, evidently flung aside in some mood of impatience or abstraction; for his intellectual eye was fixed, now on vacancy, now on the clear and beautiful sunset; and its rapid flashes seemed movements of thought, whose energies were concentrated on some one all-absorbing subject. Yet it was not the deep and constant expression of the searcher for hidden truths; but as if the soul felt the restraining bars of its prison-house press upon its energies, like the closing dungeon of the Italian, whose walls at last crushed its prisoner. It was the mighty struggle of a mind to whom years of patient plodding through the tomes of learning, had brought this meed of knowledge — that nothing had been learned; that the unexplored area beyond was too vast for the term of human existence; and that if all were grasped that mind has accomplished, it were still but the superficialities of things, isolated facts, or a train of circumstances whose very premises are effects; and that *cause* in nature or philosophy sleeps in its own unfathomed ocean.

There were other and gentler characters in the soul of Kriesler than thirst for knowledge, though this was the all-pervading passion, through every action and every dream of his quiet existence; quiet, that the world mingled not its turmoil with the occupations of the student, yet feverish and excited with the restless energies of its own unquiet and onward nature. There was extreme veneration,

* THE vivid imagination, and the German spirit and imagery, which pervade 'The Student,' would doubtless have elicited warm praise from COLERIDGE, and should certainly secure the hearty applause of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.' To the especial admirers of each of these writers, therefore, as well as to the general reader, we commend this tale of the past.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

that passed to the Creator from all the grand and wonderful of his creation, and heard in the thunder-storm the voice of his power, and saw the light of his presence. And there were kindly sympathies and gentle affections, that clung freshly and beautifully around every object, that seemed like kindred love in the isolated life of Kriesler. And most devotedly did it cling to his desolate home, and to the one gentle being who shared the dying prayers and blessing of their mother — Annette, whose life was blended with her brother's, till every thought, and wish, and purpose, seemed incomplete, till he was the sharer. Sweet Annette! — there was somewhat of melancholy mingled with her playful smile, a light shade cast through life from the gloom that gathered round the death-bed of her mother, and darkened the hours of her early childhood with the loneliness of an orphan.

The storm of persecution, that gathering in France and Italy, spread wide over Europe, and darkened the history of the thirteenth century with a stain which the tide of time can never wash away, overwhelmed many a noble house, for no other crime than refusing to join the blood-hounds that were hunting down the proscribed order of the Templars. Nor would even now the hatred of the powerful accusers leave the Castle D — and its inmates in peace, had its first destroying course left aught to excite either their tears or their avarice. But the lonely widow who returned to that castle with her children, to die, and leave them no protection nor patrimony, save the shades of their ruined and desolate home, and those children, whose whole world of intercourse was their ancient nurse and the gray-haired porter, were too utterly harmless for even their unprovoked malice.

Yet those old people would sit for hours and draw pictures of the future prosperity of their young master and lady; when their broad domains would be restored, and the old hall be filled with crowds such as long ago gathered round its hospitable hearth; pictures colored by their own affectionate and simple hearts, that believed not injustice could have power over those whose infancy they had watched, and whose ancestral roof had protected their own infancy; whose only wish for themselves was to live and die beneath it. They spoke of the day when he would go forth, the legal representative of his house, to claim his rights; when a hundred knightly swords would be drawn, and a hundred baronial banners unfurled in his cause; and the red cross of the Templars, for whose sake he suffered, would gleam from its snowy standard, and the black and white banner float with their allies over the gallant and united band. Then, in imagination, they saw the steel harness and gorgeous pennons glitter in the sunshine, and heard the hauberik rattle to the armor of the war-horse, as his rider sprang to the saddle. And Annette was the star of every feast, and princely gathering, and queen of every tourney. Thus they talked, till they were happy in the world of their own creation; yet years and years were passing away, while the phantom of their hopes ever receded in the future, and each one brought surer forgetfulness for the orphan children.

The hour of retribution was not to be. The rapacity that wrested, acknowledged no obligation to restore. And though Kriesler talked

to his sister of the future, and tinged it with the glow of a believing fancy, when the something would have been done to restore their place and friends and the world of enjoyment they dreamed of, yet *that* something was a shadow to which he vainly sought to give a form. His fathers had bled on the hills and plains of Palestine, and the battle-axe and banner in his hall had glanced proudly and fearfully through the ranks of many foes, and even that young heart sprang to the excitement of danger; but alone and powerless, even his vassals dependant on another master, what could he accomplish? Then a hope, born in the mystic tendencies of his spirit, and nurtured by its surpassing enthusiasm, saw in the depths of nature's mysteries the source and secret of a power, where mind might rule mind; and he turned to the lore of other days, where he saw once more the phantom of a bright future, for the glory of his father's house and for Annette.

Annette grew to girlhood, a lonely yet not unhappy being; for to her the future wore no darkness, and the past no regret. A habit of humble and daily trust for daily support, and a temperament that suffered not the heart to be troubled by that future which might never arrive, gave an evenness to her disposition, and serenity and quiet joy, that seemed like sweet sunshine over her unclouded brow. Kriesler looked on his sister, and felt strong with a superhuman strength to do all things for her; and then, in the consciousness of his utter inability, he would seek the solitude of his own apartment, and let the torrent of his emotions pass. And yet, he asked himself, 'What is it?—what is any earthly event, that the mighty mind should bow before it? Petty contingencies, that weigh down the balance of more worthy things; the sleeping giant chained by pigmies! Eternal in duration, independent in existence, sufficient to itself, what has the mind to do with extrinsic circumstances, and why is it not free and powerful, whether the body, created only for its use, pines in deprivation, or writhes in pain, or rejoices in strength? Chained in a prison, and subject to laws that govern the material atoms around it; perceiving things but by their visible species, yet conscious of an innate power of knowing their very nature; conscious that in its birth-right, and as portion of the divine essence, it could see in its own light, and penetrate by its own subtlety the mysteries of things it now beholds only by the senses. Then he applied more deeply to his studies, and dreamed of a potency in wisdom; for his philosophizing mind caught that shadow in early years, and its redundant and untutored fertility ran wild in its undirected course; as the strong and luxuriant vines of the Indies twine round the Upas that poisons their roots.

The same disposition that directed him to find in wisdom the secret of an undefined power, led him on in its paths by a fascination that often left behind the first object of his pursuit; and he passed days and nights in that western tower, poring over the secrets of the unseen; for scarcely could sleep be called a cessation of that intellectual current in which his thoughts seemed flowing onward, with ever-increasing rapidity, to their ocean of boundless knowledge; and even then, there were gleams that afterward he treasured as revealings of a higher existence. Mental philosophy pretends to explain the

phenomena of the wild yet partial action of the mind in sleep; but to a soul fed from childhood with philosophical mysticism, it were not strange if waking hours were tinged with some colors reflected from the mirror of dreams. To such, they were messengers from the world of spirits; and soul held communion with soul, and the free intelligence revelled in a wider field, when the senses were locked in slumber, and its visions were all scenes from some part of the wide creation.

The character of Kriesler was, as has been said, strongly devotional; and it was the mystic devotion that lives amid beings of a more ethereal existence, and whose daily companions are spirits of the invisible world. He heard their voices in the moanings of the forest, and saw their shadows in the changing forms of the mountain mist; and his heart swelled, as he seemed exalted to their nature and communion. And he said: 'Oh that I could know as they know, and traverse the earth, and stars, and read their mysteries! Oh that I could learn! I seem in a prison, and suffocate without light, or air, or knowledge. Surely he thought thus, the sage, who looked on all the beautiful stars till he was bewildered, and at last threw himself into the sea where he saw them reflected, to know in the world of spirits what he could not learn in this.' Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of the student, as he sat in the red light of that autumn sunset, and his soul bowed to the torrent of its reigning passion — 'desire to know.' A passion not less imperious, nor less unquiet than any the world excites, perhaps more absorbing that it is nurtured in seclusion, and more intense, that it has no visible expression, like deep waters wearing away foundations, and fires consuming the mine that suffers them not to burn outward, and scatter and lose their heat in the free atmosphere of the world.

Kriesler felt that his heaven should be where he might look through all the grand creation, and hear the music of its million spheres, as they sweep their orbits; where his spirit's burning thirst would be satisfied, or it would almost be no heaven for him. And then he knelt and offered his life for sacrifice, and his soul for torture, through all time, if at last he might be as those who pass through the boundless universe, with powers to comprehend its wonders. It was a wild and unholy prayer; for it arraigned the Being who thus wrapped his works in mystery, and prisoned the aspiring soul; who gave it capacities at once too great and too small for earth, that it might find its home and treasure in another state of existence. And yet, is it strange that, looking on the glorious and perfect creation, man should scorn the littleness of his human nature, and sigh for the freedom of the thinking, feeling, wondering soul, to mingle with the beautiful and holy things whose love, even here, exalts and purifies, and sheds over the heart the serenity and quiet joy of nature itself? No changes chill that love; no disappointment, no delusion, no awakening to forgetfulness or to sorrow; and ever it leads upward from the perfect to the source of perfection, from the beautiful to the element of beauty, from the excellent to the pure idea of all that we call good and lovely; from the waters to the fountain of knowledge, which is Truth, increated, without error, without imperfection, which

is a sort of error; distinct from the universe, for this has no independent existence, distinct from every highest and holiest created spirit; even the supreme and incomprehensible Intelligence, which alone is perfection, because alone uniting all the powers of all the properties of perfection. Yet the wing is weak though daring, and a shadow from earthly things may darken the light of the soul's contemplation.

The rich light of a stained gothic window spread a mosaic enameled over the pavements of a silent oratory, as, with quick and noiseless tread, Annette approached and knelt before the altar, and the coloring faded in darkness, and her light figure seemed a very shadow in the gloom, before she rose to depart. There had been a weight of unwonted gloom on her pure heart, and a mingling of undefined fears in the earnestness of her prayer, which scarcely could the habitual trust of her meek and holy spirit subdue. The day had passed slowly and sadly, for the chase, which was Kriesler's occasional and necessary occupation, had detained him from the castle, and the sort of outlawry proclaimed against him, conjured up a thousand evil phantoms, which only his presence could dissipate. Yet now glad voices reached her, and words of welcome, and she hastened to meet him.

'You were gone long to-day, brother,' said Annette, as she removed the dust from his hunting garb.

'Yes, yon beast ran well, and led us a wild race, far beyond the narrow bounds the churls have set to our domains; and when at bay, he was so ready at all points, so brave and desperate, by my sword! I was almost grieved to kill him, though he did give me a scratch with his brown antler,' and he shook off a few drops of blood from his wrist, where the horn had grazed.

'Ay, and an ill wound it is, sometimes,' said Pierre, approaching with a sort of prescriptive right of interest, in an old and tried servant. 'I remember the son of the Baron de Courci, in my respected old master's time, came to his death by the thrust of an antler, and there was the young Count Neuilly who, in chase, one day——'

'In the name of patience, Pierre, let us have no more histories; you are an evil comforter, by my soul! Good mother Alice, give us supper as soon as may be, for this day's work has given me an appetite.'

Supper was prepared, but not before Annette had bound up the wounded arm, according to her best knowledge, and Alice's prescriptions, for not a small part of the accomplishments of a lady of that day, was skill in surgery; and while her fair hands did works of mercy, her heart was as gentle and feeling as when custom or false sensibility removed her from scenes requiring them.

Annette's gaze had been anxious, and her cheek a little flushed, while Pierre was speaking; but she soon laughed away fears that she trembled to think of, and the supper hour passed cheerfully as was wont. Kriesler described the day's chase; how the stag was started from his covert, and followed, by rock and ravine, through many a perilous way; how he plunged in the thicket and reappeared far in the vale below, and sprang along the mountain side, where from the base appeared hardly footing for the mountain-goat; every where

followed by the practised hunter ; and how, when he turned for the last desperate effort, the wary dogs were held at bay, till at last the victory was decided, and the animal dragged homeward through bush and brake ; and all the details were listened to, with warm interest, by the secluded family. And thus the evening passed gaily and swiftly.

The hour of retiring came, and Kriesler sought his apartment, but not for rest. Visions, driven away by the excitement of the chase, by the bright sunshine and green fields, returned ; or rather, they were phantoms that ever dwelt among the mystic associations of his study. And if, in the day-time's toil and venture, his heart seemed ready to own that such daring was its stirring life ; that to breathe the fresh, pure air, and look on the glowing skies, and fair, broad earth, were enough of heaven's blessings ; yet, when he returned to his solitude, the very recollection of that congeniality with the beautiful universe, taught him how blessed are they whose sympathies find kindred spirits, how his heart would leap forth in the glorious sunlight of kindred love, as the ocean when the morning sun bursts over its bosom. The thought of the world from which they were shut out, and of Annette, his gentle sister, whose voice was ever sweet music, and whose brow was ever placid — Annette, who had no anxiety for that future in which her brother vainly sought to see and brighten the picture of her fate. Were he alone, he might go abroad, and with his own arm retrieve his fortunes, and find honor in life and death ; but not for worlds would he leave her, that prisoned bird, whose heart was twined with his in infancy, and year by year clung more closely and fondly in the holy strength of a sister's love. Yet would that coming years might divide their weal and wo ; would that he could suffer alone ; and in the deep passion of his soul, he believed it might be, for he felt a blight stealing over his own existence, and he would not think that it was all in vain.

The lamp was expiring, and the gray morning began to color the east, before Kriesler threw himself on his couch. The fatigues of the previous day, the strong mental excitement produced by the succeeding thoughts, affected his nervous temperament to the last degree of excessive action, preventing all drowsiness, until, completely exhausted, he sunk into a heavy but troubled slumber. He was wandering with Annette along shady walks, and gathering flowers, as in early childhood ; and the trees, and sunshine, all wore that strange and passing enchantment, that they wear to the young gazer, which is one of the soul's and nature's mysteries ; and thought of in after years, the heart can only describe it to itself, as the passing of a veil which covered them ; some rosy and charmed medium, through which they were seen once, but seen no more. For in those holy and blessed years, there is a fountain deep in the soul's wilderness of flowers, and manna is strewn around its sweet waters ; and while the heart is pure and happy, it drinks and eats that food of angels ; but when it passes on, and the world's rough contact has brushed the down from its dove-like wings, and storms of sorrow have shadowed the earth beneath its gaze ; then is the fountain dried, and the manna ceases, and its portion ever after is with the unmingled realities of life. It may go forth, and find glory and power ; yet, looking back

to that garden to which it may never return, its own testimony will most surely be, that all would be gladly given, to live again as in those unhonored, blessed years. He dreamed of those early days, and their beautiful enchantment, when suddenly the sky was darkened, and the waters seemed far off and gloomy; he saw that the first was delusion, and childhood's slumber, that years break gradually, was broken in an instant. He started, and the dream was changed, though the dreamer did not awake. He was weary, and resting on that self-same couch; and his mother, that one remembered and sainted image, entered and sat near him. He watched and expected Annette, but she did not come. Then his mother talked long and earnestly, but he was drowsy, and the tones sounded like distant waters; and presently he heard another voice. It was soft and low; it was not singing, yet more musical than speaking, and a sort of cadence seemed to linger on the air, like the tone of music, when its material nature has passed away. He distinguished these words, 'She is dead!—she is dead!' and they were breathed out more softly and sweetly than human voice ever spoke. Then he was chasing the red deer along paths that he followed yesterday; and often the creature turned and gazed at him with its dark, sad eyes, when the dogs sprang toward it and drave it onward; and it would turn again and again, and look so piteously, that the hunter's heart trembled, and his arm was powerless; then hounds and game were out of sight; yet he saw in a thicket the same large, full, melancholy eyes, and he heard a voice of strange sweet music—and with a shudder he awoke!

A light tap at the door broke a long and troubled train of thought, if such might be called the incoherent images that chased each other through his fancy. It seemed like a painful dream, of which he was conscious, yet without the power of breaking it. Starting up, he opened the door; and Annette, with a sweet smile, bade him come to dinner, for he had slept so soundly, that it was in vain he had been summoned to breakfast.

'Oh yes, certainly!' cried he; 'you should have called me before; I must hunt to-day.'

'To-day?' said Annette, 'why, you went yesterday; beside——'

'Oh, not yesterday; to-day I go; what has mother Alice for dinner, since I have shot nothing in so long?'

Annette approached him anxiously, and inquired if he had slept well.

'Well?' oh yes!—slept, did you say? Annette'—and his voice fell to a low whisper—'some one told me you were dead! It is false!—thank God, it is false!'—and he grasped her hand. That touch thrilled to her heart, for it was cold as the touch of the dead; yet his face was flushed, and his eyes burned with a strange and unwonted lustre.

THE wind sighed mournfully among the old turrets of the castle; and ever and anon it sent such wild and mournful echoes from the forest below, it was as if the spirits of its dark sanctuary were abroad, and whispering their indistinct and incomprehensible sentences; yet

sometimes swelling out more clearly, till the gust seemed to bring some spell-word of their mysteries. Often it was like the distant ocean, and coming nearer and louder, with the sounds of a sudden and destroying torrent, and mingled with the crash of trees, and the wail of the drowning. The serf shuddered in his cot, as the wild uproar came to his very door, and said: 'The evil genii of the mountains have left their caves this night, and are come to destroy us!' The wind eddied round old trees, and uprooted them, and bore their branches onward, as by some unearthly power; and the whole forest bent, even as eastern travellers before the simoon of the desert. It was not total darkness; pale gray clouds overspread the skies, and threw a dim light across the scene; and the benighted peasant, who looked toward the castle, and saw its changing shadows as the clouds swept along the heavens, and marked the light in its western tower, and the form that sometimes passed before its casement, turned from it and fled; for superstition had invested it with mystery, and its inmates, so secluded, so separated from human intercourse, were supposed to hold companionship with powers of other spheres. Very different was the scene in the castle that night, from any thus imagined. In that western tower, and still surrounded by the tomes of 'varied lore,' lay the pale and sleeping student, while near him sat his sister, still paler from many days and nights of anxious watching; for seldom had she left that melancholy chamber since the first morning of her brother's illness; and to cool his feverish hands, and sooth his wild fancies, and in moments of distincter recollection, cheer and amuse him, was the sad yet sought and unremitted task of the gentle sister.

Annette had, a few hours previously, insisted that Alice should retire to rest, and she watched alone by her brother, listening in awe and silence to the ceaseless war without. For a moment there was a deep and fearful pause, as if the powers of the air were gathering their energies; and again the blast came fiercely, till the towers trembled, and an old parapet was torn away; its fall shook the castle as an earthquake, and its noise was like rolling thunder, as it passed downward among the ivied terraces and battlements.

Starting from his sleep, Kriesler was in an instant by the window; and Annette crept beside him. His arm was stretched toward the forest, his eye kindled, and his lip quivered, and he exclaimed: 'Spirits of yon misty darkness, ye come! ye come! Like the divine soul, crushed and chained in its vile prison of flesh, so is your glory dim this night, for ye have left your bright free home, and your way is through the thick atmosphere of earth. I see ye speeding along yon forest tops, and beautifully do they bend to your footsteps, and the rushing sound of your train is music! I have waited and watched — at last ye come!'

'My brother!' said the trembling Annette; and instantly that wild and sublime tone and gesture sank to the utmost gentleness, and turning toward her, he said:

'My sister, the work is done that I have labored for years to do. Dost thou know what it is, Annette? I did not tell thee till I was assured of success; and thou hast marvelled to see me plodding through all yon mystic pages. Now listen, dear sister; I knew that

in their mysteries was a fount of wisdom, whereof the patient searcher should drink, and whose waters have power the world wots not of, to control and rule it, and bend it like a slave to his will. And now, Annette, that it is done, and the mine of earthly treasures is open for thee and me to choose, I will tell thee how I have toiled, and suffered, to gain it; how I have striven, till my very heart seemed worn away in its own ceaseless exertions. Weep not, dear sister; it is all over now, and it should not be sad but pleasant to recall those days, since they have brought such stores of happiness. It was for thee, my sister, that I sought them; and day and night a beautiful vision haunted me, and drew me on, on to its accomplishment; for it was to dissipate the clouds that gathered around future years, and make all thy life blessed, and bright, and rich with the ancient power and splendor of our house. And if those days had suffering, it was when their toil seemed in vain, and I thought of thee, so lone, so separated from the world, even now, when all its gifts of pleasure should be around thee, and it should be thy happy home. But the power is won, and the secret, and we shall be most happy. To-morrow — to-morrow —'

He flung himself on the bed; and as Annette bent beside him, he pressed her cold hand to his feverish forehead, and fell into a profound sleep.

But not thus did that wandering yet pure and noble spirit depart. As some spark that seems smothered in ashes, burns out with the splendor of its intrinsic element, ere it dies, so did it return to the holiness of its nature, and the last hours of the student were peaceful, and his spirit passed humbly and trustingly to the presence of its God.

And does any ask where is Annette? Ask where is the streamlet, when summer heats have dried up its fountain; ask where is the spring flower, when the frosts of winter have returned in May; ask where is the singing bird, when the icy storm has passed over its nest.

HINDA.

SONNET.

ON BIEN AIMÉ'S STATUE OF JOHN.

How pure! how beautiful! how chaste!
 Conceived, methinks, in quiet hour of prayer,
 In contemplation's deep retirement, where,
 Endowed meanwhile with more than mortal taste,
 The artist sought his spirit to prepare
 For the pure fellowship of heaven! — and traced
 As his embodied image, perfect, fair,
 Of what the body would be, were the soul
 From the foul leprosy of sin made whole!
 It hath an angel's beauty: wouldst thou be
 So very fair and lovely? Go then, train
 Thy soul, with care, to truth and purity.
 Thou'lt be thus fair in heaven, if heaven thou gain —
 That form fit vestment seems for souls without a stain.

W. C.

STANZAS.

‘The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.’

MYSTERIOUS realm beyond the dead,
Home of true hearts, that once I met!
The music of whose tones, though fled,
Still live in echo round me yet!
Though curtained from my weary eye,
Bedimmed with weeping here below,
I know that heaven’s own placid sky
Bends o’er thy streams, that gently flow!

One lonely star is shining o’er
The world, now wrapt in dreamy sleep;
But brighter beams it on *thy* shore,
And beams on none that wake to weep;
There gladly would my spirit rove,
Where oft my thoughts in transport rise,
To hear once more the voice of love,
From kindred passed into the skies.

But oh! this trembling flesh recoils,
And shudders at the valley’s gloom —
Would sooner bear life’s myriad toils,
Than moulder in the dreary tomb!
Than moulder where warm Friendship’s clasp
And Love’s dear smile can never come,
Where hand no friendly hand can grasp —
Companion of the loathsome worm!

Cassville, (Ga.) April, 1838.

G. Z. A.

THE POWER OF MIND.

PART TWO.

In discussing the means of increasing mental power, a difficult yet important inquiry is: ‘How far is it favored by attempts at originality?’ That extreme originality, which cannot at all combine its results with the products of other minds — which stands so aloof and insulated from all others, that although it may cause admiration, it has not ideas and principles enough in common with the generality of men, to convince them of the justness of its own convictions, or persuade them to its own purposes — is manifestly unfavorable to the increase of its relative power. Such win our admiration, frequently, but do not commend themselves to our judgments, as fit or safe examples for imitation. Neither constant attempts at originality, nor a servile dependence on other minds, is so favorable to the improvement of our own, as a union of original conceptions with that species of knowledge which may be appropriately called common sense.

If we know not what others have known, we may be very original, and yet add nothing to the common stock; because we shall have only discovered what was as well known before. And yet it can scarcely be decided which is most inimical to a successful pursuit of truth, that quiet submission to authority which takes every

absurdity upon trust, or that intoxicating fondness for originality, which estimates the value of principles by their novelty, not their use; which, of all the suggestions of its own fancy, believes those the most true which are most surprising; and of all the opinions of others, most readily adopts those which are singular and paradoxical. Indeed, they may most safely indulge originality, who have most learning, for they are prepared to judge of their own discoveries. Just as those generals may be boldest, who have most skill in military tactics, and those vessels may carry most sail, which are well provided with ballast.

The advantage of instructors, as one means of mental improvement, is obvious enough; but in what qualifications the peculiar excellence of such instructors as shall best promote this object consists, is not always distinctly understood. They should certainly be well acquainted with what they teach, in order that the information they impart be neither erroneous nor defective. But this is not the only, and we would even say it is not the chief qualification of an instructor, calculated to give the most effectual aid. It is not the mere knowledge imparted, and passively received, which can exalt or strengthen the mind. These instructions, whether orally communicated, or derived from the pages before him, are but preparatory to what the learner must afterward acquire by his own mental exertion. A mind of decided power is not so purely factitious, as to be a mere compound of what has entered his eyes from books, or his ears from a teacher; he is intrusted principally with his own management; and may be more accurately compared to vessels which move by their own fires, than to such as are taken in tow by others, or are driven by some external forces. Yet instructors are highly desirable, and in instructors, a love of what they teach, an enthusiasm in imparting instruction, is essentially requisite. They must impart heat as well as light. The mind must be excited to seek its own resources; an impulse must be communicated, and a zeal enkindled, which shall impel to the pursuit of the proposed object, when the instructors are no longer present. Even if the teacher, in any particular branch, overrates the comparative importance of his favorite study, it will have a tendency rather favorable than otherwise on the minds of his pupils. He who teaches the mathematics, may be allowed to dwell with the same enamored fondness upon a proposition, that another feels in perusing a fine poem. A chemical instructor may feel something of the zeal of its early students, who expected by that art to change all substances to gold. When in his 'golden views' he is 'supremely blest,' attention is awakened, and not only present instruction is received under the most favorable circumstances, but also a spirit for future acquisitions. Were we to attend lectures on oratory, we should value the enthusiasm of a Cicero for his art, more than the studied correctness of Adams or Blair; and should estimate the glowing ardor of Longinus more highly, than the full and various particularity of Quintilian, or the profound philosophy of Campbell.

The genius of eloquence will be effectually aided only by him who unites the influence of example with the authority of precept; whose voice, and hand, and eye, and every feature, illustrate and enforce the sentiments which his mind has digested, and who, while

he thus rises to the sources of eloquence, and portrays all things beautiful, all things grand, all things sublime, in native loveliness, appears himself sublime as in his imagery; and while exhibiting to others the power and charms of eloquence, is enamored of his subject, and largely partakes, while he communicates, 'the richest pleasures of fruition.'

We have no disposition to sermonize on this subject, or to inflict on the reader a moral essay; and yet there is no good reason why morality and religion should not be noticed, so far as our subject demands, or in other words, so far as they may be shown to exert an influence in increasing the power of the mind. No intellect can be considerably advanced, or strengthened, without industry, and no important intellectual achievement can be secured, without a more steady pursuit than those are capable of, who are devoted to their pleasures or their passions. That vice enervates the mind, is a remark which deserves to be made familiar, on account of its truth and importance.

When the imagination finds its delight in gross satisfactions, cool and patient thinking is insipid and irksome. Honorable pursuits are then easily relinquished. Even aspiring ambition, in such cases, stoops and submits to the dominion of the senses. Hence the sad spectacle of those lost to themselves and the community; respecting whom it must be said, they have only the melancholy pleasure of hearing what they might have been, and the remorse and shame of knowing what they are. But candor should lead us to acknowledge, that if morals are thus important to the cultivation of the mind, religion is essential to morality. Would we practice self-government, would we control our appetites and passions, so that they shall not interfere with mental improvement, it is a religious sense of Deity, and of his moral government, which enables us to do this with greatest care, and most perseverance.

This influence of religion on mind, though indirect, will readily be perceived to be not the less real and efficient. There is also a direct influence arising from the truths of natural and revealed religion; truths which, in comparison with all others, are the most sublime and powerful, and as such calculated to exalt and invigorate the mind that imbibes and contemplates them. True religion encourages the exertions of the understanding, by representing its high origin, nature, and destination, and by proposing the greatest objects of pursuit, and filling it with the noblest conceptions. But lest we should be deemed official in our opinion, on this part of the subject, it becomes us to adduce examples, and show the opinion of others. Is not Milton one of the most sublime writers in the English language? And is he recommended to those who would improve and exalt their understandings? His pious acknowledgment of dependence on the Supreme Being, when seeking some theme for his epic talent, deserves to be remembered. 'This,' says he, 'is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance, and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases!' Was Chatham eloquent? Had he power over the minds of men?—and can we have any confidence that he understood the aid which it most requires? Lord Littleton, who will not be

suspected of a prejudice in favor of the Bible, says of Chatham, that not content to correct and instruct his mind by the works of mortal men, he borrowed his noblest images and most elevating principles from the language of inspiration. If familiar with the sacred writings, we can scarcely read the speeches of that great man, and observe the majesty of his thoughts and the simplicity of his diction, without perceiving some resemblance to the inspired descriptions of Deity, and the prophetic denunciation against the foes of God. Instances of this kind, scarcely less illustrious, might be selected from our own statesmen, especially in the earlier periods of our history, when our national Senate, which has been our pride, and the admiration of foreigners, as the most dignified deliberative assembly in the world, had not been disgraced by quotations from that holy book, made in the lowest and most irreverent manner. But it may be said, that however favorable religious contemplations may be to poetry or eloquence, they cannot be supposed to aid the genius of philosophy, where minute and accurate research is necessary. Not to mention others, was Sir Robert Boyle a philosopher? One of his intimate acquaintances testified that for twenty years, he had never known that extraordinary man to utter the name of God without a perceptible and reverent pause, both before and after it. His religion and philosophy went hand in hand. Examination of Nature led him to its Author, and devotion to its author induced him to examine his works. His reverence for the Deity, forbade him to consider the least particle of dust beneath his study, since nothing had been formed in vain. To him we are indebted for the invention of the air-pump, and for an extent and accuracy of individual investigation, unequalled in his own, and perhaps in any age. The eminent Bøerhave pronounces him the ornament of his age and country, and asserts that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge.

But we need not here, by arguments or example, sustain the position that piety and morality eminently tend to increase our knowledge, and invigorate and strengthen our minds. What aid the mind may derive from the healthful state of the body which it tenants; what from emulation, and a vigorous, but friendly and well-regulated collision with other minds, our limits forbid us to inquire.

Reserved for the last of the means by which strength of mind may be increased, is a consoling consideration, though it may appear a paradox. The mind is strengthened by impediments. Too often is it found inactive, while surrounded by advantages, and needing to be awakened by its fears. It has indeed been said,

‘Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.’

Still facts would lead us to conclude, that poverty is more propitious to the first expansion of the mind than affluence. Necessity will best prompt to those first efforts, many times painful, which the mind, in order to become vigorous, must exert. Such is the love of ease and indulgence, that most men would doubtless choose to recline, if possible, upon the lap of wealth. Had such men as Clay, Van Buren and Webster, been cradled in opulence, they probably would never have called into exercise that mental power which has

raised them to the proud eminence where they now fill the eyes of so many millions of freemen. Franklin might never have arisen from the drudgery of mechanical labor, to the courts of the most illustrious nations, if the severity of an elder brother had not early alienated him from the paternal roof. Rittenhouse might not have left following the plough, to walk among the stars, nor Fulton, a poor unfriended youth, have evolved and applied a new and most magnificent power, which will hereafter mark an era in the world, had not each of them struggled with difficulties in the outset, and overcame them, thereby attaining confidence for loftier attempts. Defects in personal appearance have often led to superior mental attainments. Pope probably strove to gain advantages from his mind, which the plainness and inferiority of his person denied him; and to the deformity of his figure we may be, in some measure, indebted for the surpassing beauty and grace of his poetical numbers. The coldness of neglect, the frown of superiority, the opposition of rivals and enemies, endeavoring to depress the mind, have, in many instances, only demonstrated more clearly its elasticity and reaction. It is the effect of such obstacles, to raise the streams they are intended to impede. Such defects and obstructions, while they produce diffidence, also inspire resolution, and that mysterious combination of humility to distrust, and confidence to attempt, which are at once the characteristics, and the most effectual aid, of genius.

If any youthful mind thirsting for improvement, yet repressed and almost desponding from the want of leisure and other facilities, will procure the first part of the 'Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' one of the publications of the British Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, or 'Edward's Biography of Self-made Men,' he will, in the perusal, find his heart lifted up, and his way cheered by the companionship of a goodly number of choice spirits, who have travelled the same path, and whose success will not fail to kindle in his bosom a more intense ardor in the same pursuit.

It is a sage remark, which abundant experience and observation serve to illustrate and confirm — not the less acceptable, surely, because made by a lady, Madame Roland — that 'leisure will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time. Those who are complaining of want of time, are the people who do nothing.' Such are some of the obvious and indispensable means by which the power of mind may be increased.

The final inquiry proposed, to which, necessarily, a very inadequate space can be allowed, is: 'Why should we desire this increase of power, and to what end direct it?'

Should it be desired, sought for, and used, merely for our personal gratification? If there be no higher principle than base selfishness called into exercise by it, the fact that it had sought a higher road, and a more shining mark, than that of the mere voluptuary, would not, in a righteous moral scale, raise its votaries to any very enviable distinction. Beside, if this were all, a very plausible argument might be raised to oppose all efforts for mental elevation and improvement. It would not be found difficult to maintain such a negative with most potent reasons, such as the labor and anxiety of mind frequently expended to little purpose; the want of satisfaction in

any given amount of these attainments; the perpetual and usually increasing thirst for more; and above all, the perverse use that many highly furnished minds have made of their power.

Such arguments might be allowed some weight, if mere selfishness were the only principle to be consulted. But we sustain almost innumerable relations to those around us, out of which arise duties of a most interesting character, for the performance of some of which this high mental power is indispensable, and to all, it may prove a most desirable auxiliary. This fact presents to every one, desirous of escape from the stings of an accusing conscience, for the neglect of imperative obligations, a new motive for desiring this power. Desiring it, not because it will excite the admiration of others, and much less their envy. Not because it will elicit their praise, and thus gratify our love of fame, or enable us to make them subservient to any selfish purpose of our own, and thus pamper our ambition for acting the tyrant's part; but because it puts into our hands an instrument of mighty efficiency, which we may wield for their benefit. I know it may be sneeringly asked, implying the entire denial, are such illustrations of the use of this power any where to be found? It is humbling indeed to be forced to confess that they are few. But let us not despair. The history of the world presents some bright examples of those who have been distinguished alike for high mental energy, and most expansive and wisely-directed benevolence. If their contemporaries have not, in every instance, done full justice to their merits, an impartial posterity has eventually meted out to them the high award becoming their desert. On the other hand, most of those who have perverted this power, and, under the imposing name of heroes, have been in truth tyrants, 'from Macedonia's madman to the Swede;' before whom flattery and adulation were offered up as incense at the shrine of a deity, so long as a dread of their power, or blindness produced by the glare of their exploits, extorted them from their fellow creatures, have been justly requited, as soon as these motives had subsided, by having every opprobrious epithet heaped upon their names that hatred or horror could suggest. The student of ancient history will recollect a striking instance of this kind, in Sejanus, the favorite of the Emperor Tiberius, who was elevated by that remorseless despot to the second dignity of the empire, and swayed, in fact, the sceptre of the immense Roman world. During the continuance of his power and greatness, nought was heard with respect to him save boundless panegyric. Every tongue was employed in sounding his praises, every pen in recording his deeds. Men swore by his statues, and honors were paid to him, scarcely inferior to those accorded to the gods. But he abused this power, and his all-grasping ambition overreached itself. Mark the reverse of this picture. He forfeits the favor of the emperor, suffers ignominious death, his statues are thrown down and made fuel for bonfires, and his memory is spared no indignity nor insult which the most vindictive fury could supply. History is full of such illustrations, while it has not failed to chronicle in brighter characters those who have directed their noblest energies to instruct, improve, and thus render more happy, the world around them. While those who have toiled in other departments for the

public good, have received the due award of praise, have not those wise and benevolent men, who, at the commencement of our own federal government, and perhaps of other organized governments, labored so indefatigably to persuade their fellow-countrymen to merge their individual rights in a civil compact, been comparatively overlooked? The brave soldiers and their leaders who fought our glorious battles, and the statesmen who, in the halls of legislation, have lifted up a voice of strength for the public welfare, are necessarily brought out to public view, and they concentrate upon themselves the united and grateful admiration of their country, and the world. But those who behind the scenes — perhaps anonymously, through the medium of the press, or by persevering individual exertion, in each private circle where they moved — corrected the public sentiment, restrained the wildness of an untamed democracy, and brought over a whole people, proverbially jealous of their rights, to acquiesce in the wisdom and necessity of giving up a portion of their individual independence to secure a nation's union, and strength, and welfare — such men have not yet received the high eulogium which their noble though unobtrusive patriotism claims.

Nor has the occasion for such efforts yet passed away; nor, of course, the opportunity for the exertion of each one, capable of wielding any influence over his fellow men. Public sentiment needs yet to be rendered more pure and potent; for nothing else can here restrain the wild madness of ambition, that would seek self-aggrandizement, even on the ruins of a nation's freedom. Noisy and pretending patriots, who in heart are real demagogues, will never be wanting in sufficient numbers, ever ready to raise a tumult, and join in the popular clamor for liberty, only intending to ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm, for their own personal advancements. But we must have patriots of another stamp, whose love of country, divorced from this vile self-seeking, shall not expend itself in loud professions, but in acts of healing, healthful, and ennobling influence upon the body politic. For the opportunities of exerting such influence, many are looking too far off. They may be found by us, if we will seek them, not in the metropolis only, but at each fireside, in every social circle, where whatever power of mind we possess may exert itself to allay the rancour of party, to divert the public mind from angry personalities, to the high and common duties of American citizenship; to elevate and strengthen the public sentiment, and thus erect the most formidable barriers against corruption, that only but sure inlet to the ruin of republics.

The leaders of parties, who make the most solemn and frequent assurances of the purity of their purposes, are from that very circumstance the more to be suspected. Their purity will never exceed that of the mass of the community around them, while, from the perverting influence of ambition, it may fall far short of it. Nor will the number of parties and of leaders furnish any effectual guaranty that the public shall receive no injury. Pilate and Herod can easily become friends, whenever an object of personal importance to each of them requires the sacrifice. The fallacy of trusting to such guardianship, may be illustrated by a review of that particular period of Roman history, which presents us with Julius Cæsar,

Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Atticus, Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Hor-tensius, Augustus, and Marcus Varro, as contemporaries. The close observer of human nature, who takes nothing on trust, who, undazzled by the lustre, calmly inquires into the use, will not be contented with a bare examination of the causes that conspired to produce such a marvellous union of talent, but will farther ask how it happened, that men whose examples have been so fertile of instruction to future ages, were so barren of improvement and utility to their own. For it must be admitted, that Rome was then cruelly divided against herself, split into factions, and torn to pieces by a most bloody civil war, at the very moment she was in proud possession of all this profusion of talents, by which she was consumed rather than comforted, and scorched rather than enlightened. Perhaps the conclusion forced upon us, by a review of this period, is neither consolatory nor honorable to our nature. It would seem to be this : that a state of civil freedom is absolutely essential to the training up and furnishing of great and noble minds ; but that society has no guaranty that minds so formed shall not aspire to govern rather than obey ; no security that they shall not affect a greatness greater than the laws, and ultimately destroy that very freedom to which alone they were indebted for their superiority. Such men have too often begun by subjecting all things to their country, and ended by subjecting their country to themselves.

The result of these inquiries seems briefly this : nothing but a benevolent desire to render the increase of our mental power useful to those around us, can fully warrant and sustain us in the highest efforts necessary for its attainment ; and the possession of this power by one or many in the state, is no security that it will not be woefully perverted to the destruction of that very liberty which has warmed it into being. Nor is there any effectual safeguard against this perversion, but the power of public sentiment, of which public we form a part, and on whose sentiments we may continually exert an influence, to purify, elevate, and strengthen it, till no aspiring innovator shall dare, for base purposes, to lift his hand or voice against it. The illustrations I have chosen, have all been taken from the highest sphere of mental action — the power of mind over mind. But the appropriateness of the principles of benevolence for the control of this power, when brought to energize in other departments, may at once be made obvious. If the question be asked, 'Whether the creation, by mechanical skill, or in other words by the power of mind, of labor-saving machinery is to be esteemed a blessing or a curse,' so far as our own happy country is concerned, it may be easily settled. For until our population reaches that highest possible amount, compatible with the resources of the country, until 'every rood of ground supports its man,' and, in order to do so, is not only reclaimed from its wildness, but receives the highest improvement from the hand of cultivation of which it is susceptible — until then, manifestly, every contrivance for the saving of labor must be, on the whole, benevolent, and none need want for profitable employment. So, too, of that prodigy of mental invention, the safety-lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy ; if the inquiry be, whether an invention so directly calculated to rescue life from the most dis-

trespassing peril, falls within the line of approval, by the principle above stated, it cannot seriously be questioned. The perversion of its benefits, by those too eager for the promotion of their self-interest, is at most an incidental, and not a necessary or usual, concomitant; and it no more deserves mention, as detracting from the real merit of the invention, than does the incidental though unanticipated result, that the use of gunpowder has made warfare less destructive of human life, augment the claims of the monk who invented it, with so contrary a design, to be considered a merciful benefactor of mankind.

Let not then the ardor of inventive genius or mechanical skill be quenched by any cold uncertainties of perversion, to which there is nothing but what may be equally exposed. A noble field here lies open to the ingenuity of our countrymen. Our prayer is, that Franklin, who, by the power of mind, guided the fires of heaven innocuous, and Fulton, who, by the same power, caused the fires of earth to evolve a force which has increased almost an hundred fold the facilities of intercourse, and the dominion of man, may be but the morning stars of brighter succeeding luminaries. We close with the remark — and we would do it with becoming reverence — that while we seek to enlarge the sphere and increase the power of mental action, so long as we control it by the principle here suggested, we are rising to the contemplation, and with filial piety are imitating the excellence, of that Infinite Being, the source of all intelligence, the unlimited extent of whose power would render him to all unutterably dreadful, were not the assurance perfect, that his power is always directed by benevolence.

THE CAPTIVES.

‘We wept, as we remembered Zion.’

BESIDE the rushing Babylonian streams,
 With the blue summer sky above us glowing,
 And dewy flowers in beauteous thousands blowing,
 And glossy willow groves, and lovely gleams
 Of fountains, whose enchanting music crept
 Through the balm-breathing citron groves in bloom,
 A captive band, in bitterness we wept;
 And to the zephyrs, freighted with perfume,
 Poured forth our bitter, bitter sighs for thee,
 O hallowed Zion! On the willow tree
 Our long-neglected harps swayed to and fro,
 In the soft winds which thrilled their chords among,
 Yet we sang not, though bidden by the foe,
 Nor played the strains which once we played and sung.

Utica, (N. Y.), February, 1838.

H. W. R.

TO MY MOTHER.

'There is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience : she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment ; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity ; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be dearer to her from misfortune ; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, in spite of his disgrace ; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.'

THE SKETCH BOOK.

I.

MY MOTHER! — 't is no poet's pen indites a lay to thee,
Unless the language of the heart be nature's poetry ;
But in poetic warmth I lack what thou wilt not require —
The flame of love is more to thee than is a poet's fire.

II.

My fragile bark is briefly moored from life's eventful blast,
And in the silvery waters round, my former self is glass'd ;
Oh ! could my boyhood's wayward glance have read as now I read,
So little joy, so much of grief, had never been thy need !

III.

I see the cradled form of one, whose features are my own,
And love incarnate o'er its rest her guardianship has thrown ;
'T is true that eye of hope looks out from youth's untroubled shrine,
But oh, its wealth of tenderness ! — dear mother, it is thine !

IV.

Soon from his cradle starts the babe, a happy, careless boy ;
Enough of mother in his face, to be his father's joy ;
Enough of father reigning there, to be his mother's pride ;
And as their features he unites, so they his love divide.

V.

But soon he sees the church-yard take that father to its clod,
Unknowing that the righteous have a better rest with God ;
And finds, ere yet his tender thought can grasp a father's worth,
One parent dear a saint in heaven, and one a saint on earth.

VI.

And now his arts essay to stem the spirit's overflow,
That channels the pale cheek of her whom death has left in wo ;
It grieves him much his little arms and puny frame to scan ;
He might so help his mother, if he only were a man !

VII.

Alas, alas ! that childish love and piety should be
Such short-lived tenants of the heart, beyond the nursery ;
Oh, saddest of time's ravages ! sin's bitterest control !
Our hardening frames but harder make the casement of the soul.

VIII.

I see him now, yet why portray a path known unto all,
Who share most deeply in the fruits of our first father's fall :
Thou hast forgiven, and ah ! thou mayst, but he can ne'er forget,
While memory lives to trace, as now, that pathway with regret !

IX.

If aught of light has beacons him in safety from its snares,
He blesses God for answering a wrestling mother's prayers ;
And if the angel's trump shall sound his wanderings forgiven,
With his Redeemer's, he will hymn his mother's love, in heaven.

Camden, (S. C.), 1838.

B. W. H.

MY LOG-BOOK:

OR PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

NUMBER ONE.

'How much alike are all you navy officers!' said a lady one day to me. The remark was just. Exclusive professions, whether civil or military, holy or profane, have, in general, a tendency to stamp a sameness and equiformity, an 'air of the shop,' upon the outward manner, and even upon the intrinsic character, of their members; I mean those professions whose members are educated *exclusively* for that one particular calling; grow up together, and pass a great portion of their lives intimately connected with each other, but almost disconnected, or but very slightly interested, with the rest of the world. Professions cloisteral — lay monasteries. Thus, few professions are more *ultra-exclusive* than the naval.

An officer enters the service at an early age, with a mind ductile to impressions, unexercised and immature, and ignorant of the world and its people, their interests and pursuits. From the pedagogue and the accidence, he comes on board the ship of war. He is now within his wooden cloisters. He is in his monastery militant — confined to his own peculiar duties, his own exclusive associates. From the petted and wayward boy, he is at once transformed to the man; with the rights, the duties, and the responsibilities of manhood, and all its necessities for firmness, energy, and self-reliance. He receives his first strong impressions; his character forms itself upon the models he sees around. He naturally imbibes the prejudices of his naval companions, for he has had no opportunities to discover their errors; their modes of thought, for he has not yet learned to think for himself; their manners, for he is inexperienced to society; and even their feelings, for feelings are often formed by sympathy alone. The character thus formed is generally formed for life. His once waxen mind has become hardened, by his profession, to marble. The naval stamp is upon it, ineffaceably. He is like all in his little community, but he is like none else. His individuality is merged in what we may term a thorough *professionality*.

But I think this is not to be lamented. That similarity of habit, feeling, thought — that unity of interest and purpose — make the true *esprit de corps*, which strengthens and perfects the naval system, and welds officers and service imperdibly together. General society, too, is a gainer. When an officer strays into the great world, by being different from every one there, he passes for a kind of original; he is odd, piquant, and amusing. There is a freshness in his frank, off-hand, devil-may-care manner; and his ignorance of the forms and *bienséances* of society is considered only a diverting obliquity.

The fair lady, then, though I sadly fear her remark was dictated in a spirit of vexation, was right as to the general fact. But there is no rule without its exception. My old messmates of the sloop of war —, during her first cruise in the Mediterranean, in the years 1825-9 proved an exception to this; for a more original set of 'young gentlemen' never were cribbed together within the same narrow bulk-heads.

In the —'s steerage, almost every state had its representative. 'Down Easters' were antagonized, almost antipodally, with middies who had been 'raised' in the 'Far West'—Virginians with 'Hooshiers'—Georgians with 'Wolverines.' Tough knots they were, those midshipmen! Many had been educated for other professions, and, entering the navy later in life than usual, they never amalgamated sufficiently to sink their peculiarities of nature and education. However, they lived together within their wooden walls in tolerable harmony, though unlike. The oddities of each were matter of amusement to the whole; and this, perhaps, tended to keep them in mutual good humor. Then too, there was one predilection they possessed, with striking unanimity; a glorious bond of sympathy, I may call it—a true intermingling of the spiritual influences—an involution of all the particular *negatives* of their different natures into one integral *positive*; in short, a decided and much-cherished love for the good 'Old Columbia' of our very worthy Uncle Sam. Here they met on equal ground; that is, they all equally liked it, though with a difference. Warm, with sugar, tickled the doughty palates of some; others were better pleased with it cold; tolerably diluted, met the approbation of a select minority; while, I regret to say, the greater number used the element, (not always of the purest, which perhaps was their excuse,) in very homœopathic quantities. But on the whole, they got on marvelously well.

Poor fellows! fond as they were of their 'bottle,' and it may be of their 'lass,' yet truer, kinder friends, or more honorable enemies, a man could never hope to find. But death has been busy among them! A few, a precious few, are still living, (long may they live!) and pleasantly crooking their necks with gazing upon the golden 'swab' that adorns their right shoulders; yet the greater number of my old messmates have long since 'gone aloft'—promoted, let me piously hope, to a higher station, in a better world. Fain would I linger awhile, in sorrowful meditation, as I recall their memories from the past; and much do I long for that exquisite power of portrait painting, which, with a few delicate strokes, conveys at once an exact and life-like resemblance, that I might present them to my readers as I once knew them, in the bloom of young manhood, and in all the rich raciness of their characters.

But alas! my portraits—rudest chalk sketches—will be at best, I fear, but faint, unfinished outlines—perhaps merest caricatures. Conscience almost rebukes me. It seems so like outrage upon the dead. I seem to hear the sorrowful reproaches of my defunct messmates, in the sighings of the wind. I imagine the frown of our august caterer, could the grave yield forth its victim, upon detecting me—the youngster of the mess—in the audacious attempt to hold up even a profile of his prominent features to the idle gaze of the 'general!'

But who can resist their fate? This now is mine, and Tudor—'first in honor as in place'—'Cater of the Mess'—we will commence with thee, in spite of thy frowning shade.

Who could ever forget that form, ponderous as an elephant's? Thy face, square and massive as the royal lion's? Thy features, large

and solemn as an Egyptian Sphinx? Thy speech, slow and impressive as thy motions — thy opinions, grave and inflexible as thy countenance? Thy conversation, sententious and preceptual — much given to musty proverbs and time-honored saws? Thy true tory veneration for antiquity? — disconcerted at the flights of fancy — astonished and alarmed at innovation, or new-fangled theories?

What a thorough-bred aristocrat wert thou! But thou hadst reason. Thy blood had coursed through noble, even royal, veins. Tracing thine interminable pedigree back through the best pulses of old Virginia and of Britain, thou couldst prove, to thine own satisfaction, at least, that it joined issue with OWEN, of thy name — he from whom came the Henrys, and the Marys, and the Elizabeths, of the English throne. How patiently wouldst thou unravel the intricate thread of thine august lineage, to the wonder and edification of thy less fortunately-derived messmates!

‘Foul scorn, didst thou think, O Tudor! of any thing plebeian. Gall and wormwood to thy noble heart was the name democracy! Proud wert thou, too, of thy profession — the most gallant, the most chivalrous, as, in thine enthusiasm, thou wouldst call it. Most orthodox thy contempt of trade! In the very words of ancient Pistol, thou calledst the whole tribe of money-getters ‘dung-hill curs.’ Thy southern pride made thee scorn too greatly thy northern brethren; ‘dam’d yankee pedlars,’ as thou wert wont to call us. Who could forget thy haughty frown, when once thou wert mistaken for a Boston tallow-chandler!

‘Ha! that looks amazingly like a Boston friend of mine,’ said a worthy ship-master to some middies of our ship, as they sat talking together in a café in Smyrna, as Tudor majestically stalked past the door.

‘What was his name?’ asked one of the middies.

‘Mr. Rugg; but it can’t be him, here in Smyrna.’

‘Oh yes, that’s him!’ quietly responded the waggish reefer, anticipating the consequences of such a mistake. ‘I know him; pray call him in.’

The ship-master ran out, and hallooed after him; and finally coming up, slapped him on the shoulder.

‘Why what the d — I brought *you* here! Candles? Out on spec?’

Tudor turned round, astonished and indignant. ‘Sir!’ said he, drawing himself up to his full height, ‘explain yourself!’

‘Oh, I beg pardon,’ said the other, falling back, somewhat abashed; ‘I thought you were a Boston friend of mine — Mr. Rugg — firm of Rugg and Slugg, No. 22, — Wharf, who sent out a speculation of candles by me last trip.’

This was too much. Tudor lost his temper. I fear, too, in the exacerbation of the moment, he somewhat forgot his dignity. He was in a frightful passion, and as the middies, who were secretly enjoying the scene from the café, said, he fairly foamed at the mouth. A horrible oath escaped his lips. A Yankee! — a candle maker! — Mr. Rugg!

‘Sir!’ said he, in a voice of thunder, ‘I am not the base plebeian! I am Mr. Tudor, of the United States Navy — a *Virginian*, Sir!’

His detestation of the yankees in general, and of yankee ship-

masters in particular, became from that moment a fixed and unalterable principle.

As 'cater,' Tudor was the best I have ever seen. He felt the importance and responsibility of the office. With what solemn deliberation would he carve our diurnal cube of 'salt-junk,' and distribute the same in equal slices — he was a just man — to his hungry and impatient messmates! With what dignified gravity would he 'bale' from the large tin tureen before him most impartial allowances of our savory pea-soup — tri-weekly! And oh! that 'duff' — that *plum* duff! — plum-pudding, as land-lubbers would have awkwardly called it — of a Sunday! What though its specific gravity was not much less than that of our twenty-four pound shot, its tenacity somewhat greater than pure *caoutchouc*, and each separate raisin therein embedded, bearing much resemblance to the date-fish in his rock? No matter. Our spirits were more elastic than our pudding, and we had never yet felt that we had a ventricle for indigestion.

Who does not sigh to recall those pleasant days? — the days of youth — vigorous, healthy, ever-hungry, easily-satisfied youth; that can luxuriate even upon fare thus simple; can undergo even a midshipman's duff, without calling for the aid of a physician!

To return to 'our cater.' With an air, how courteous and hospitable, would he serve out our Sunday treat of plum-pudding! And when our table had undergone a 'sea change,' in the entire disappearance of the eatables, to see his glow of satisfaction, when, with a smile, he would repeat his invariable jest: 'Waiter, remove the cloth, and *show the mahogany*' — (i. e., ash plank, which *once* was white, 'though *we* could not tell when,') — the signal, likewise, that the whiskey and warm water were also wanted, a fact our intelligent waiter was the last to forget. Tudor considered 'the first pull at the halliards' the right of his office — a right there was none to dispute.' Important was his manner, as he nicely adjusted the exact proportions of that delectable beverage, warm with sugar! — then gracefully passing the precious bottle to the next in order.

'The next in order,' was hard-headed, rough-visaged, true-hearted JACK VINING — 'Old Hickory,' as we called him. Heavens! what a glorious 'ugly mug' was his! It really was good to look upon so much good-natured ugliness. Jack, however, was the last person in the world to be conscious of it, and would contend for his beauty, barring the small-pox scarifications, with much earnestness. When he was in *coats*, he would say, his beauty was so remarkable, that expectant mothers would send for him as a 'pattern child.' He could never understand our scepticism in relation to this fact, and would get well nigh angry at our want of belief. But who so blest with faith, as to believe that protruding eye and shaggy brow, that large mouth and stumpy nose, broad visage and carrotty hair, had ever, under any circumstances, been features of beauty?

Vining was greatly annoyed at the unfortunate resemblance between his visnomy and the grim-looking tigers' faces on our cat-heads, as discovered by waggish Spotswood. That on the larboard cat-head, the latter contended, was a most accurate portrait. There must have been something in it, however, for the sailors used familiarly to call the said tigers' heads, 'Mr. Vining's heads.'

Notwithstanding his grim looks, Jack was the soul of good humor. He was the antipodes of Tudor, both in principles and manners, being a democrat the most ultra; and as to pride, 'the fient ha' pride, nae pride had he.' Howbeit they never quarrelled. He used to laugh at the lofty pretensions of Tudor, and I suspect he only pitied his more humble messmate in return.

Vining had practiced law in his native state of Kentucky, before he entered the navy. He was much too old for the service, and did wrong to quit the bar. Nature never intended him for a sailor, but he was what the sailors term an excellent 'ship's lawyer.' His foible was fondness for argument, but his figures of speech were all of the Colonel Wildfire order. He would have been an admirable stump orator.

Champion of the steerage, when our rights were invaded, he was always our spokesman to the captain; for who among us could speak so well? How eloquent he would be upon the subject of liberty and equal rights! Equal rights on board a man of war! Poor Jack was the only one who did not see the absurdity.

I now recollect but few specimens of Jack's *westernisms*, and these I think were not his best; but as they were characteristic, I will relate them.

One day at table, mischievous Spotswood got Vining into a political argument with Tudor, in which the latter was very positive and very absurd, and Jack very voluble, with quite as much absurdity. In process, General Jackson came up, for whom Tudor had as much aversion as the other veneration. In the excitement produced by the discussion, the grog, and the waggish Spotswood, who would first take part with one of the combatants, then with the other, throwing in a hint here, and a sneer there, and a laugh every where, they both lost their temper. Tudor abused the General without measure, till finally Jack, loosing all patience, cried out: 'Sir! you are not worthy to be a pebble stone under the pedestal of the column of glory which will be raised to General Jackson, whose apex will pierce the heavens!' — ending with a round oath, and an emphatic blow upon the table, that made the glasses ring. Stump oratory could no farther go.

In better style was his reply to a lieutenant, who frequently boasted of a farm he owned in Virginia, which Vining said was worthless land, as Kentuckians are apt to say of the lands of the 'Old Dominion.' 'Your land is so poor, that a single buck-rabbit would make a famine in your whole county, and run back to Laurel Mountain, with tears in his eyes, from hunger!'

One of the younger middies one night slept so soundly in his 'dream-bag,' that he did not hear the cry of 'all hands reef topsails, ahoy!' His absence from his station was noticed, and poor middle was arrested. Jack went to the captain to intercede in his behalf, and after a very moving appeal, curiously embellished in his own peculiar style, he said: 'Sir, there is not an officer in your ship that would more scorn to *play possum* than Mr. D —.'

This figure of speech not a little puzzled our little commander, though it did not excite his anger, as did a still more striking illustration of Jack's.

‘Mr. Vining, what said the commodore to your application to go home?’

‘Sir,’ answered Vining, ‘he said I should not go, and *looked as black as a nigger in a cotton field!*’

The next was P —, the dandy of our mess. He wore stays, and curled his hair, and used perfumery, and learned to lisp, to languish, and to look bored. Laughing he voted vulgar. Drinking grog, too — but from *respect* to his messmates, as he was pleased to say, he had no objection to joining them in a glass of weak toddy. He was devoted to the fair, and believing himself irresistible, he was ever revelling in the thoughts of his fancied conquests. Every pretty girl he had ever spoken to, or danced with, he thought breaking her heart for him. He used to pity them, and wish, with a sigh, he was not quite so killing. He acquired the guitar — after incessant study, for he had but little native talent for music — sufficiently to accompany his voice, when he would sing, and roll up his eyes, as old Vining said, ‘like a duck in a thunder-storm.’ He was filled with affectations, yet at heart was an honorable, generous fellow, and would have been an excellent companion, had he been little less a coxcomb.

In odd contrast with dandy P —, was reckless, rattle-pated, merry Spotswood — at once the delight and torment of the mess. No mortal ever cared less about his personal appearance than he; and truth to say it was often any thing but *point device*. But he cared as little about any thing else — save his joke. His whole life was a laugh — laughing *at* every body and *with* every body, and turning all things into good-natured ridicule. His keen perceptions of the ridiculous, and happy faculty of showing off the oddities of human nature, had a fine field for their exercise, which he took care to improve, in our odd steerage.

He was always endeavoring to foment political disputes between those moral opposites, Tudor and Vining. He it was, who confirmed the Boston ship-master in his impressions that our majestic caterer was his quondam friend, Mr. Rugg, tallow-chandler. He was a continual torment to the Virginian, who liked him notwithstanding, as did every one else; but in proportion as Tudor was annoyed, Spotswood would be delighted.

A pig, belonging to the captain, was to be slaughtered during Spotswood’s morning watch. He sent a green middie, who was a stranger to the service, and to the officers of the ship, down to tell Tudor to come on deck, and kill the captain’s pig; adding that he was ‘ship’s butcher,’ an office of great trust and emolument, he said, the butcher being responsible that the animal died without much pain, or any unseamanlike noise; for which he received the kidneys and tail as perquisites! Tudor, having had the middle watch, was highly incensed at being awakened from his sound sleep. It was some time before he could understand what the midshipman wanted.

‘Did I understand you to say I was wanted to kill the captain’s pig? What have I to do with the captain’s pig?’

Spotswood had told the middie that Tudor was a great ‘skulk,’ and would probably be reluctant to turn out, but that it was his duty to stick by him until he had ousted him from his hammock. So the

youngster thought harsh measures quite justifiable, with one so sluggish.

'Come, come, Mr. Ship's-butcher, said he, giving the hammock a terrible shake, 'that wont do; rouse out! Do n't be skulking below, when you 've got to kill the captain's pig.'

'What in h — ll do you mean, Mister What-the-devil's-your-name, by taking such liberties with me?' roared out the enraged cater, as he started up in his hammock, and looked ferociously upon the poor middie. But the latter would not yield the point; his orders being very positive from Spotswood, who was now listening at the hatch, in great delight.

'Oh, ho! Mister Butcher, you forget your tail and your kidneys! You'd better turn out, or the captain will be down upon you.'

'Mister Butcher!' who the devil do you take me for?' said the cater, in great excitement. 'My 'tail! my kidneys!' Are you mad?'

'Come,' said the middie, 'that's *too* good! I heard you were a skulk, and now I believe it. But I must obey orders, and if you do n't turn out, I'll just cut you down.'

'Cut me down! you young villain! — cut me down!' said Tudor, almost gasping for breath, as he sprung out *à demi nuè*, and seized the hapless youngster by the collar, giving him a hearty shake before he threw him up the hatch to the other deek. 'You young dog! if you wake me again with any more of your monkey tricks, I'll crack every bone in your skin!'

By this time, all in the steerage were awake, and shouting with laughter, while the offended caterer shrunk back to his hammock, like a chafed tiger to his lair, growling over his rage.

Such waggeries are necessarily ephemeral, and I fear will not pass for much here. One should know the persons intimately, the time, place, circumstances, and other local affairs, that gave such jokes their peculiar relish. Beside, middies on shipboard are easily amused, and perhaps the same jests that once well nigh set me into convulsions, would now scarce move a muscle of even my own countenance. I remember very vividly many of Spotswood's merry pranks, 'that were wont to set our table in a roar,' but I dare not here hazard their narration. But in truth, 'he was a fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy.'

It has been said, that almost every man is mad upon some particular point. Some ruling passion, or some peculiar theory, that from long indulgence, or from having long been the subject of intense meditation, obtains an ascendancy over every other, and is often a prolific cause of much absurdity. Spotswood had quick perception of such weaknesses, and adroitness in making them minister to his amusement. With old Vining he would discourse learnedly of civil law and democratic principles; and though he did think old Hickory's countenance much like the ornament of our larboard cathead, yet in general he allowed that Vining was still a handsome man, with an expression that would captivate the ladies; an admission that always put Vining in the best possible humor. With dandy P —, he would talk of fashion; ask the most approved mode of dressing the hair — rally him upon his conquests — and get him to sing, his 'tune-

ful madrigals.' With Rawlins, he would talk of cards, and the rules of Hoyle. With Ford, of fine horses. With M —, of the *code d'honneur*; and could extinguish the incredible stories of Longbow F —, with stories still more incredible. The grandeur of Old Virginia, the nobility of birth, the pride of profession, were his subjects with Tudor; and when he could get him to relate, with all important gravity, the whole intricate story of his genealogy, his satisfaction was complete.

In Spotswood's wit, however, there was nothing malicious, nor in his heart. His was a spirit overflowing with mirth; and with an uncontrollable propensity to mischief, he combined the most generous feelings of our nature. He would freely risk his own life to save that of a friend, and perhaps the next moment chalk a blazing star upon his back. He once had the temerity to smut a fearful looking moustache upon the lip of our grave cater, when asleep. When he came on deck, at the customary call to quarters, he saw all eyes directed to him, and heard the suppressed titters of the men, with mute surprise. He looked his sternest to check what he deemed such ill-timed levity; which made him appear still more ridiculous, and a subdued laugh, to his horror and astonishment, was heard along his whole division. Tudor thought his men all drunk, and after bestowing upon them various harsh epithets, he strode, with indignant steps, to the quarter-deck, to report the fact. As he passed the other divisions, officers and men were in a broad grin. With a lofty air, he saluted the captain, and began making his report of the shocking breach of discipline, but was interrupted with a very undignified roar of laughter from the captain, who had striven in vain to preserve his gravity, which of course, much to the scandal of discipline, was echoed by the men. Tudor stood a moment, staring with blackest amazement. An explanation ensued, and, boiling with rage, he returned to his quarters, endeavoring to efface his sable ornament with his handkerchief, but, in his embarrassment, curiously diversifying his expressive countenance with a variety of streaks and blotches. As soon as 'Retreat,' he rushed down below to hide his confusion, and meditate vengeance. He knew to whom he was indebted for his shadowy moustache, and to be made ridiculous before the captain, and the whole ship's company, was not to be forgiven. A challenge ensued. They went out, and after two shots, *both* of which Spotswood, in his reckless generosity, fired into the air, Tudor consented to a settlement. The unfortunate issue of this practical joke did not, however, deter the former from making himself as merry with the cater, as with every one else.

Then there was R —, remarkable principally for his incurable passion for gambling. He left the service a ruined man.

And F —, from Virginia, whose passion of passions was a love for fine horses. He was deeply read in all the records of the turf. The jockey club book, the sporting calendar, were the only books he thought worth the mind's employment. He knew the pedigree of every celebrated courser since the time of the Godolphin Arabian. He was out of his element on ship-board. His true place was the paddock, or the stable. He would have made a capital jockey, if by any possibility he could have steamed himself down to weight. He was marvellously fat.

And there was N — ! What a sad fate was his ! Poor fellow ! His mind was essentially sad and melancholy ; soft as a summer's eve — dreamy, poetical. His dearest pleasure was to pass hours alone, in idle reverie, spinning out the fine, misty webs of fancy, and revelling in an imaginary world. Far too sensitive, gentle, and indolent, for the stirring profession of a naval officer, his somewhat rude and turbulent messmates loved him for his almost feminine softness, although they pitied, and perhaps scorned, his incapacity, and want of active energy. He was the most amiable of men, but a mere dreamer, and ill-calculated to struggle with this rough, work-day world ; and a few years afterward, he resigned the life that he felt was without usefulness, and without respect.

But avast ! I am paying out a little too fast. Let us take a turn, and belay. Many other well known shapes rise to my vision, and more and better anecdotes of my old friends spring to memory, as I write. But what careth my readers for these poor middies, or the gossip and jokes of a place so humble as a steerage ? Like the baffled Scot, ' I 'll see no more ' — or be they mine in private.

Yet one more shade I would call a moment from the tomb ; first, because he was my most endeared and intimate friend, and a better specimen of the young naval officer than any I have yet named, whom I selected principally because they were so much unlike the generality of midshipmen ; and secondly, that I have a longer and not uninteresting story to relate of him, in the adventures of which I participated ; and which may perhaps indemnify the patient reader for condescending to follow me thus far in my somewhat tiresome steerage sketches.

MEADOWS was about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, with a light, active form, and singularly handsome. A fine commanding brow, over which clustered a profusion of dark locks, large, intelligent gray eyes, and firm, finely-chiselled lips and chin, gave great spirit and expression to his naturally pale countenance. He was much older to the service than myself. The four or five years he had passed on ship-board had matured his character, and developed his extraordinary energies ; and when I first saw him, I thought him the very *beau ideal* of a young naval officer. His various accomplishments, his warm heart, and gay vivacity, made him popular in the steerage, while his spirit and decision, and ambitious attention to duty, made him a most efficient deck officer. He was the idol of the crew. Under his direction, they seemed capable of performing more than under those of other officers. To use their own, not very polite, but I doubt not, sincere, expression, they would have ' gone through h — ll with him.'

With all his fine qualities, Meadows became, in after life, fatally given to strong waters, that bane of many a fine fellow, both in the navy and out of it. But at this time, his dissipation was only occasional, and seemed merely the natural excesses of an active mind, fond of society, and seeking stimulus and exercise in convivial enjoyment. Pleasure, perhaps, first sapped the foundation of his virtues, but a long series of injuries :

' From mighty wrong to petty perfidy,'

afterward pursued him, and led to their final overthrow. The bottle became at last his only but fatal resource.

Poor Meadows! — his ruin — 'tis a sad tale, and 'a sad tale is best for winter;' therefore, in the merry spring time, we'll none of it. Yet this that I am about to relate, is none of the merriest. Perhaps the ladies will pronounce it even dull, for it has no 'love,' although 'murder' enough; and it is said the sex do not object to a sprinkling of the latter ingredient, provided a tale is spiced with the former, to their taste. However, my story is of Meadows, and he, noble fellow! was a man well worth a lady's eye; so I may be pardoned, for his sake.

SMYRNA is an odd city. Like Constantinople, nothing can be finer than its natural situation — nothing more wretched than its internal appearance. Nestling at the foot of a lofty hill, at the very extremity of a deep, noble bay, its situation is as fair to the eye, as convenient for all the purposes of commerce. Islands or islets, that seem, in their perennial verdure, almost like droppings from paradise, speckle the broad entrance into this most beautiful of bays, and lofty, picturesque hills slope in gentle undulations down to the very margin of the emerald waters. Ancient forts, villages, villas, groves, and gardens, variegate the smiling prospect; and over the densely-built city, looming darkly into the pure blue of the Asiatic sky, are the massive towers and hoary walls of the now desolate fortress of the Knights of St. John — the last strong hold of Christianity on this Paynim land.

Within the city, the doctrine of chance almost seems to be verified. The houses appear to have been rained from heaven, and sticking where they fell, to have accidentally formed the strange involutions of streets, alleys, blind courts, etc., that render an excursion through the town, to a stranger, somewhat of a 'comedy of errors.' It would be almost as easy to discover the north-west passage, as to find one's way, undirected, out of the perplexing labyrinth of Smyrna. The streets, if such strange tortuosities may be thus dignified, are so narrow that a horseman or camel (there are no wheeled vehicles) occupies the whole breadth, to the infinite annoyance of the pedestrian; and if the occasional caravan of 'desert ships,' slowly winding through the town, one camel following the other, happens to make a halt — perhaps while the devout drivers perform their prostrations at the call of the Muezzin, or sip their mocha and puff their pipes before one of the numerous kafenas — there is formed as fine a street barricade as a Parisian *sans culotte* would desire. No way is left for the foot-passer but to climb over the backs of the patient animals, that, following the example of their not more sagacious masters, have settled themselves quietly on the ground.

The multifarious population of Smyrna inhabit distinct parts of the city. The largest proportion, of course, are the followers of the prophet. 'Turk-town' is said to contain one hundred thousand inhabitants. Most of the bazaars, the baths, mosques, Pacha's palace, etc., are in this quarter. Formerly it was dangerous for a Christian to penetrate within its Moslem precincts; now the Frank may explore its narrow streets, if he has philosophy enough to forgive a

chance stone or so, thrown by some unlucky anti-Christian little urchin, who may have sucked with his milk the hereditary antipathies of his parents, without yet having learned their newly-acquired toleration of the 'Christian dogs.'

'Jew-town' is remarkable for nothing but its dogs and dirt. It would be considered the filthiest spot under the sun, if 'Greek-town' was not there to out-do it.

'Frank-town' skirts the harbor. Here, of course, the 'merchants most do congregate.' But, with the exception of the consular residences, houses of European merchants, etc., a viler conglomeration of wretched buildings, inhabited by a more degraded class of human beings, could not be found in the wide world. The vicious purloins of our large cities are pure and comfortable, in comparison.

The Turks, who, in their way, are a moral people, with very orthodox notions of propriety, do not tolerate among themselves any of those open places of profligacy, which, to the shame of christendom, are found all over Europe, as well as in our own country. But Frank-town, to the Turks, is almost a foreign city. Few ever enter it; and the Government, in their extreme toleration toward the Christian population, never interfere with any of the interior arrangements of Frank-town, except when called in to suppress an occasional tumult, or to punish the not unfrequent bloodshed and murders that take place within its detested quarters. From the great commerce of Smyrna, Frank-town swarms with adventurers from all parts of the world; the very scum of christendom, living in the practice of every vice, degraded and desperate. The stranger sickens with disgust, even if he does not tremble with fear, when necessity or scarce excusable curiosity, leads him among those dens of iniquity.

To this region of 'damned souls,' Meadows and myself were one day sent, on the dangerous and disagreeable duty of hunting for a deserter. Armed only with our dirks, but with resolute spirits, we penetrated into every cell of infamy that is found in the hives of Frank-town. It would spin out my records to too great length, were I to recount the extraordinary adventures, and more extraordinary people, we met with in our pererration. But I, young to the world, ignorant of foreign parts, equally so of the vast varieties of the human race, and of their pursuits, passions, and propensities, saw sights, heard sounds, and witnessed actions, that unassisted imagination never could have conceived, but which made an impression as odious as lasting. Of these I shall speak hereafter.

AMBITION.

O THOU that bidd'st the brightest close
 Their intellectual eye,
 And to thy dizzy, dangerous height,
 Like hooded falcons fly;
 What is thy summit, but the source
 Whence tears and blood career?
 A height that leaves us nought to hope,
 But every thing to fear!

A W I S H A T P A R T I N G .

I.

Thy harp, thy harp, how wild it rings !
 What spirit bides upon its strings !
 It wakes triumphant music now,
 And a new lustre lights thy brow.

II.

I see thee, lady, bending o'er
 Its thrilling, mastering chords, to pour
 That deep, mysterious melody,
 Like night-winds through the hollow sky !

III.

It comes — as in my dreams I've heard
 Sounds that old memories have stirr'd,
 Of things too beautiful to last —
 The memories of the buried past !

IV.

Ere yet my spirit had been reft
 As by the lightning bolt — and left
 To mourn above the wrecks which Time
 Had scatter'd round me in my prime !

V.

But years have fled — and Heaven again
 Hath waked me from that dream of pain !
 And I grow wild with music now,
 Where once I could insensate bow.

VI.

Then to high harmony awake
 Once more thy wires ! — till round me break
 The visions of a better sphere,
 Beyond the storms that meet us here.

VII.

And, pure one ! when to wo or mirth
 Thou wak'st no more the harps of earth,
 Then to thy angel hand be given
 To strike a golden lyre in Heaven !

New-York, April, 1838.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

S O N N E T .

THE watching stars, the bright ascending moon,
 The sunset dying on the western hills,
 The glad streams wandering by, with pleasant tune,
 The murmuring wind, whose witching language fills
 The nodding reeds, with voices eloquent,
 The cloud-wrapt tempest on the mountain's brow,
 Communing with the Spirit of the Night,
 'Mid hoary rocks, and oaks, and cedars rent,
 And torrents thundering with impetuous flow ;
 The mystery, and the magic of that light
 Which beams from woman's dark poetic eye,
 These are the things which plume young Fancy's flight,
 And win the poet wreaths which may not die,
 As long as radiant Fame shakes hands with Immortality.

Utica, 1838.

H. W. R.

O L L A P O D I A N A .

NUMBER XXIV.

It is no long time, respected Reader, since we communed together. Yet how many matters have happened since that period, which should give us pause, and solemn meditation! *We* are still extant; the beams of our spirit still shine from *our* eyes; yet there are many who, since last my sentences came to yours, have drooped their lids for ever upon things of earth. Numberless ties have been severed; numberless hearts rest from their pantings — and sleep — ‘no more to fold the robe o’er secret pain.’ All the deceits — the masks of life — are ended with them. *Policy* no more bids them to kindle the eye with deceitful lustre; no more prompts to *semblance*, which feeling condemns. They are gone! — ‘ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;’ and when I think of the numbers who thus pass away, I am pained within me; for I know from them, that our life is not only as a dream which passeth away, but that the garniture, or the carnival of it, is indeed a vapor — sun-gilt for a moment, then colored with the dun hues of death — or stretching its dim folds afar, until their remotest outlines catch the imperishable glory of eternity. Such is life; made up of successful or successless accidents; its movers and actors, from the cradle to three-score-and-ten, pushed about by Fate: not their own; aspiring but impotent — impelled as by visions, and rapt in a dream — which who can dispel?

To THOSE who take every event in their lives as a matter of ‘special providence’ — who make a shop-keeper and supercargo of Omnipotence — who refer to celestial interposition the recovery of a debt, the acknowledgment of a larceny, or the profits on a box of candles, or a bundle of ten-penny nails; who perceive something *more* than a special providence in the death of a sparrow, or the fall of a brick-bat, sent from vagrant hand; to those, all argument of reason would be useless, even if they who employed it were warm and sincere, as I know *I* am, in a belief of the *general* watchfulness of my Creator over men’s wo and weal. But, as in things that are of the earth earthy, there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, as was said by the great captain of his age, so it appears to me is it with things celestial. It seems impossible for the human intellect to appreciate that *trifling* ubiquity of supervision which some credulous persons — more devout than intelligent — impute to the supervision of the Almighty. That God is every where, admits of no dispute; but when we ramify his discernments into the scrutiny of those minutest matters which would scarcely attract for a moment the observation even of low-minded men, we create an anomaly which has, in proportion to its indifference, an aspect of frivolity, and an attitude of common-place. It seems to establish or defend that theory, which pronounces that whatever *is*, is right. This is a phrase of PORE’s, which in my humble opinion contains

much more poetry than philosophy. To maintain that all which *is*, is right, does away, in my poor sense, with all true appreciation of rectitude and wrong. It nullifies the Decalogue. If the postulate be true, why the tablets of the law, or that divine mountainous sermon? What need of statutes, or the jury of a man's peers? Why arraign a man who abstracts the horse from his stable, without a 'by y'r leave' from the owner, or seduces a ram from the pasture, without clover or salt? Why should penitentiaries be filled? Why Auburn or Sing-Sing hear the groans of the prisoners? If all that *is*, is right, these prisoners have but done their duty; counterfeiting is but a pastime, though fruitful; perjury is a species of verbal romance, sanctified by a kiss on calf or sheep-skin; larceny and burglary, the acts of brief visitors who make strong *attachments*; and even murder itself, a modification of the *code d'honneur* — a kind of 'popping the question' in the great matter of the future; sometimes put with lead to the aorta, or with steel to the jugular.

BUT while I impugn the philosophy of Pope, in the phrase herebefore mentioned, let me not arraign his verse, or cast one doubtful shade upon the brightness of his thoughts, or the sweet harmony of his numbers. How often have their cadences satisfied my ear, and enriched my mind! In his *Elôise*, the actual, solemn swell of the music which distracted the nun betwixt the choice of Earth or Heaven, seems pouring from the strain. He brings to my mind those sunny seasons when my sense of harmony, though less acute, was perhaps more rapturous, than now; when the rustle of leaves, the casual trills of summer birds, the chiming dance of waters, and the zephyrs, floating from the fragrant south or balmy west, seemed to breathe of the concords, and herald the dulcet airs, of Paradise. Sometimes, in the jostling din and bustle of active life, I lose these harmonies for a little season, and I feel oppressed with the spirit of discontent and complaining; and could say within me, as do the Hebrews in their service of the morning of the ninth of Ab, lamenting the sweet bells lost from the priestly robes of Israel — the lost language of seers and poets — the ephod, and the memorials — 'The voice of wailing hath passed over my melodious psalteries; wo is me!'

Is there any poetry equal in severe simplicity, and quiet, natural beauty, to that of the Hebrews of Israel? I confess that I think not. In his inspired wanderings, I can conceive that Shakspeare walked as it were arm-in-arm with Moses and the prophets; with that complaining man of Uz, who held colloquies with the Almighty, in whirlwind and storm. In truth, as I have pored over some of the beautiful inspirations of the Dispersed of modern days, they come to my spirit like 'the airs of Palestine.' Indeed, I have had great doubts, whenas I have overlooked the pages which have been lent me by a Rabbi of the Synagogue — written on one page with mysterious characters, and on the other with the *pure* English version of those venerated Scriptures — whether the renderings of YARCHI

and LEESER, and others, were not more beautiful than those which have given to us the Word, from the sovereign command of the First James of England. Let us list the following, as read in the Fast of the ninth of Ab. 'The lot of the Lord's inheritance is Jacob. He encircled him, and he watched him, and he guarded him as the apple of his eye. *As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth her young, spreadeth abroad her wing, taketh them, beareth them aloft on her pinions*, so the Lord did lead him.' And how eloquently do they complain! 'Where,' they ask, in their deep and briefest language, 'where is the residence of the Divine Glory? the house of the Levitic order, and their desk? Where the glory of the faithful city? *Where are the chiefs of thy schools, and where thy judges?* Who arrange the answers to them? — who ask concerning thy mysteries? Where are they *who walk in the paths of truth, enlightened by the brightness of thy shining?*'

There is something extremely touching to me in these Israelitish lamentations. They were wailed *con amore*, and by the card. I truly believe, that all the sackcloth poetry of modern time, put together, would give a mere dividend of the great capital of dolor employed by the olden-time Hebrews. They wept and howled copiously — yea, abundantly. There is something, after all, sacred in sorrow. It has a *dignity*, which joy never possesses. The sufferings of Medea in Euripides — the scenes betwixt Andromache and Hector — the pangs of Virginius — these are remembered, and will be, when the glittering treasures of Croesus at Delphi shall be forgotten, and the gay *measures* of Gyges be lost to *men*. Here is a strain in this kind; one that was spent at the close of a summer day, some year or so ago. It needs a little preliminary blazon.

You must know, reader, that there lieth, some three miles or so from Brotherly Love — a city of this continent, a delectable city — a place of burial, 'Laurel Hill' by name. On a sweeter spot, the great sun never threw the day-spring of the morning, nor the blush of the evening West. There the odors and colors of nature profusely repose; there, to rest of a spring or summer afternoon, on some rural seat, looking at trees, and dancing waters, and the like, you would wonder at that curious question addressed of Dean Swift, on his death-bed, to a friend at his side: 'Did you ever know of any really *good weather* in this world?' You would take the affirmative. Well, thus I sang:

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er — its labors done;
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in;
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which Grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall teach the heart, while waters, leaves, and birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
 On scented airs the unavailing sigh —
 While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
 And landscapes blooming — that the loved should die ?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene —
 Soon, rainbow colors on the woods will fall ;
 And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
 As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall :

Yet, when the warm, soft winds shall rise in spring,
 Like struggling day-beams o'er a blasted heath,
 The bird returned shall poise her golden wing,
 And liberal nature break the spell of death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
 The blessed Dead to endless youth shall rise ;
 And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
 Its tones with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
 Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand ;
 Where Love her crown attains — her trials past —
 And, filled with rapture, hails the better land !

Thus I strummed the old harpsichord, from which I have aforetime, at drowsy hours and midnight intervals, extracted a few accidental numbers, (more pleasant doubtless to beget than read) 'sleepless myself, to give to others sleep !'

WELL, that is the only way to write without fatigue, both to author and reader. In all that pertains to the petty businesses which bow us to the routine of this work-day world, I am as it were at home. I am distinctly a mover in the great tide of Action sweeping on around me ; yet when I enter into the sanctuary of the muses, lo ! at one wave of the spiritual wand, this 'dim and ignorant present' disappears. I breathe a rarer atmosphere. Visions of childhood throng upon my soul ; the blue mountain-tops — the aerial circles of far-off landscapes — the hazy horizon of ocean-waters ; the wind-tossed verdure of summer — the hills that burst into singing — and the sweet harmonies of nature — Universal Parent ! — all appeal to my spirit. This dismemberment of the ideal from the actual, is a fountain of enjoyment, which whoso knows not, has yet the brightest lessons of life to learn. He has yet to enter that fairy dominion which seems the intermediate territory betwixt the airy realms conceived of in this world, and the more radiant glories of that undiscovered country,

——— 'from whose bourne
 No traveller returns.'

There is something in the feeling, beyond the impulses of fame, beyond the 'mouth honor, breath,' which the falsest of the world are the most ready to bestow ; something beyond the empty plaudits, the spurious honors, of the multitude, given to-day — withheld to-morrow. Anathemas a moment gone — benedictions now — these are the marks and signals of the multitude. I would not seek their favor, for their disapproval is the same in the end. It is a curious

truth, that no man realizes fame, until he is *beyond* it; that the tardy honors which men receive from kingly or from republican powers, generally come too late to be appreciated — or rather, too late to be of value.

YET there is something exceedingly solemn in the mutability of a name. 'T is indeed as a vapor, which appeareth but for a little season, and then vanisheth away. I like not this life-after-death repute — this post-mortem vitality. 'Give it to me, if I deserve it, while the breath of existence sports in my nostrils; while I can walk, and hear, and see, and jostle among men!' Such are my aspirations — malgré the littleness of it. To have antiquaries puzzling themselves with one's merits — supposing that they might reach beyond his sepulture — is to my mind a dry and arid prospect. One wants to be quiet. 'To subsist in bones,' saith my old friend, Sir Thomas Browne, 'and to be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of Names, Persons, Times, and Sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes of pride. Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men, without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana — he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse — confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the Everlasting Register. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodius with one; and who had not rather, have been the good thief, than *Pilate*? Who knows whether the best of men be known? Or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?' These be puzzling queries.

IN our own country, methinks I can depaint the means and methods of posthumous fame. Here, if one who had attained to some eminence in his life-time, could awake fifty years after he had been quietly inurned, and be permitted to read the newspapers, he might find that a steamer of his name, had burst her boiler — 'a terrible accident, with loss of lives,' on river Mississippi or Ohio; or mayhap that a horse, commemorating his cognomen, had been beaten at the Eagle or other course — with the particulars. Perhaps that he had devoted himself to posterity — to be cited in other years as the source whence sanguinary mixtures of renown had sprung; advertised in hand-bills — and to aid, perhaps, in promoting to the legislature his owner, or guardian, or friend. This is fame, or a part of its mode of bestowment, here below. Fame! — a bet-word — a paragraph — a *feuille volante* — a hand-bill. Thank the powers! I have precious little thereof. And the most I would have, reader, is to write myself your friend,

OLLAPOD.

LIFE AND POWER OF TRUTH.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

UPON this wonderful and glorious ALL
 I look, and see there's nought destroyed, or lost,
 Though all things change. The rain-drops gently fall,
 But die not where they fall. Some part doth post
 Swiftly away on wings of air, to accost
 The summer clouds, and ask to sail the deep
 With them, as vapory travellers, or frost.
 Some part anon into the ground doth creep,
 And maketh the sweet herbs and flowers to grow,
 Or oozeth softly through the dark, deep earth,
 Teaching the streamlet under ground to flow,
 'Till forth it breaks with a glad sunshine birth —
 Ripples a dancing brook — then flows a river —
 Then mingles with the sea, the air, circling for ever.

Even so I looked on the vast realm of Truth,
 And saw it filled with spirit, life, and power.
 Nought TRUE did ever die. Immortal youth
 Filled it with balmy odors, from the hour
 It first dropped gently from its upper shower
 On high; swiftly it flew away, or sank.
 Awhile amid the darkness that doth lower
 Below, it seemed to struggle. But earth drank
 The drop. From heart to wakening heart it sped —
 From sire to son — from age to age it ran;
 It swelled the stream of Truth. It is not dead,
 But flowing, filleth every want of man.
 It NEVER dieth — nor *can* ever die,
 Circling from God to God, through all eternity!

Yea, Truth, immortal as its primal source,
 Once uttered, once set free, shall never rest.
 O, Father! hath it such undying force
 When unrevealed, and left without attest
 Of miracle from Thee, and unconfessed
 By man; and shall not thine own word go forth,
 In all its fulness, through these times unblest,
 'Till it shall reach all corners of the earth?
 If one small trembling drop is ne'er destroyed,
 But runneth, a bright messenger from Thee,
 Shall thy own living streams 'return back void,'
 And not fulfil their saving ministry?
 O, no! Even now I see them spreading wide,
 With life and beauty, on the pure, deep, swelling tide!

A NAME.

Violet, Rider.

THE card-built house amused our infant age —
 The child was pleased — but is the man more sage?
 A breath could level childhood's tottering toy;
 See manhood, effort, art, and time employ,
 To build that brittle name, a whisper can destroy!

There is a Book where nought our name can spot,
 If we ourselves refuse to fix the blot;
 'Tis kept by ONE that sets alike at nought
 The tale with malice or with flattery fraught —
 He reads the heart, and sees the whisper in the thought.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN DEMOCRAT, OR HINTS ON THE SOCIAL AND CIVIC RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. In one volume. pp. 192. Cooperstown: H. AND E. PHINNEY. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE 'American Democrat' opens with a brief preface, from which we learn that the work was written in consequence of its author 'having had many occasions to observe the manner in which principles that are of the last importance to the happiness of the community, are getting to be confounded in the popular mind;' and that the intention of the book is, 'to make a commencement toward a more just discrimination between truth and prejudice.' Mr. COOPER says, in conclusion: 'Had a suitable compound offered, the title of the book would have been something like 'Anti-Cant,' for such a term expresses the intention of the writer better, perhaps, than the one he has actually chosen. The work is written more in the spirit of censure than of praise, for its aim is correction; and virtues bring their own reward, while errors are dangerous.' From these sentences, the reader will infer, that the 'American Democrat' is a plain-speaking volume—and such is the fact. It is unnecessary to add, that Mr. COOPER no where loses sight of what he deems distinctive American principles, and what is due to the American character.

Our limits will not admit of the extracts we had selected for insertion, from those portions of the volume which treat of government, the republic, executive powers, advantages and disadvantages of monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, public and private duties of station, etc. In the remarks on 'American Equality,' the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will find the very same grounds maintained, which were assumed and defended by the author of 'The Nobility of Nature,' published a few months since in these pages. If the writers had been identical, they could scarcely have reasoned more alike. Mr. COOPER pays very little court to the American press; indeed, his observations upon this theme are more severe and bitter than any he has here put forth. Passing these, and other topics, however, we proceed to make a few extracts from those sections which touch upon language, manners, deportment, etc. We take the following random paragraphs from the last-named division:

"The American people are superior in deportment, in several particulars, to the people of Europe, and inferior in others. The gentlemen have less finesse, but more frankness of manner, while the other classes have less vulgarity and servility, relieved by an agreeable attention to each other's rights, and to the laws of humanity in general. On the whole, the national deportment is good, without being polished, supplying the deficiency in this last essential, by great kindness and civility. In that part of deportment which affects the rights of all, such as the admission of general and common laws of civility, the absence of social selfishness, and a strict regard to the wants and feebleness of woman, all other nations might be benefitted by imitating this.

"The Americans are reproached with the want of a proper deference for social station; the lower classes manifesting their indifference by an unnecessary insolence. As a rule, this charge is unmerited, civility being an inherent quality of the American character; still, there are some who mistake a vulgar audacity for independence. Men and women of this disposition, require to be told that, in thus betraying their propensities, they are

giving the strongest proofs that they are not what their idle vanity would give reason to suppose they fancy themselves, the equals of those whom they insult by their coarseness.

"Some men imagine they have a right to ridicule what are termed 'airs,' in others. If it could be clearly established what are 'airs,' and what not, a corrective of this sort might not be misapplied. But the term is conventional, one man experiencing disgust at what enters into the daily habits of another. It is exceedingly hazardous, therefore, for any but those who are familiar with the best usages of the world, to pronounce any thing 'airs,' because it is new to them, since what has this appearance to such persons, may be no more than a proof of cultivation, and of a good tone of manners.

"On the other hand, many who have been thrown accidentally, and for short periods, into the society of the more refined classes, adopt their usages without feeling or understanding their reasons and advantages, caricaturing delicacy and sentiment, and laying stress on habits, which, though possibly convenient in themselves, are not deemed at all essential by men and women of the world. These affectations of breeding are laughed at, as the 'silver-forkisms' of pretenders. To the man of the world it is unnecessary to point out the want of taste in placing such undue stress on these immaterial things, but it may not be unnecessary to the novice in the usages of the better circles, to warn him that his ignorance will be more easily seen by his exaggerations, than by his deficiencies of manner. The Duc de Richlieu is said to have detected an impostor by his *not* taking olives with his fingers.

"But these are points of little interest with the mass, while civility and decency lie at the root of civilization. There is no doubt that, in general, America has retrograded in manners, within the last thirty years. Boys, and even men, wear their hats in the houses of all classes, and before persons of all ages and conditions. This is not independence, but vulgarity, for nothing sooner distinguishes a gentleman from a black-guard, than the habitual attention of the former to the minor civilities established by custom. It has been truly said, that the man who is well dressed respects himself more, and behaves himself better, than the man that is ill-dressed; but it is still more true, that the man who commences with a strict observance of the commoner civilities, will be the most apt to admit of the influence of refinement on his whole character."

Mr. COOPER cites the following examples of the abuse of significations and pronunciation, as common to Americans. Some of his amendments strike us as peculiar, if not inelegant:

"The limits of this work will not permit an enumeration of the popular abuses of significations, but a few shall be mentioned, in order that the student may possess a general clue to the faults. 'Creek,' a word that signifies an *inlet* of the sea, or of a lake, is misapplied to running streams, and frequently to the *outlets* of lakes. A 'square' is called a 'park'; 'lakes' are often called 'ponds'; and 'arms of the sea' are sometimes termed 'rivers.'

"In pronunciation, the faults are still more numerous, partaking decidedly of provincialisms. The letter *u*, sounded like double *o*, or *oo*, or like *i*, as in *virtoo*, *fortin*, *fortinate*; and *ew*, pronounced also like *oo*, are common errors. This is an exceedingly vicious pronunciation, rendering the language mean and vulgar. 'New,' pronounced as 'noo,' is an example, and 'few,' as 'foo'; the true sounds are 'nu' and 'fu,' the *u* retaining its proper soft sound, and not that of 'oo.'

"The attempt to reduce the pronunciation of the English language to a common rule, produces much confusion, and taking the usages of polite life as the standard, many uncouth innovations. All know the pronunciation of *РЛОУЕН*; but it will scarcely do to take this sound as the only power of the same combination of final letters, for we should be compelled to call *тнрОУЕН*, thou; *тнрОУЕН*, throu; and *тоУгн*, tou."

"False accentuation is a common American fault. Ensign (*insin*), is called *ensyne*, and engine (*injin*), *engyne*. Indeed, it is a common fault of narrow associations, to suppose that words are to be pronounced as they are spelled.

"Many words are in a state of mutation, the pronunciation being unsettled even in the best society, a result that must often arise, where language is as variable and undetermined as the English. To this class belong 'clerk,' 'cucumber' and 'gold,' which are often pronounced as spelt, though it were better, and more in conformity with polite usage, to say 'clark,' 'cow-cumber,' (not *cowcumber*), and 'goold.' For *lootenant* (*lieutenant*) there is not sufficient authority, the true pronunciation being '*leven*tenant.' By making a familiar compound of this word, we see the uselessness of attempting to reduce the language to any other laws than those of the usages of polite life, for they who affect to say *lootenant*, do not say '*lootenant-co-lo-nel*,' but '*lootenant-kurnel*.'

"The polite pronunciation of 'either' and 'neither,' is 'i-ther' and 'ni-ther,' and not 'eether' and 'neether.' This is a case in which the better usage of the language has respected derivations, for '*ei*,' in German are pronounced as in 'height' and 'sleight,' '*ei*' making the sound of 'ee.' We see the arbitrary usages of the English, however, by comparing these legitimate sounds with those of the words '*lieutenant-colonel*,'

which are derived from the French, in which language the latter word is called '*collo-nel*.'

While our author admits that property is desirable, as the ground-work of moral independence, as a means of improving the faculties, and of doing good to others, he nevertheless considers mere wealth, of all the sources of human pride, as the basest and most vulgar-minded. 'A people,' says he, 'that deems the possession of riches its highest source of distinction, admits one of the most degrading of all influences to preside over its opinions. At no time should money be ever ranked as more than a means; and he who lives as if the acquisition of property were the sole end of his existence, betrays the dominion of the most sordid, base, and grovelling motive, that life offers.'

There are many other subjects treated of in this little book, beside those to which we have alluded, or from which we have quoted; but we must recommend the reader to the work itself, for a more comprehensive taste of its quality.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI. Edited by 'Boz.' In two volumes. pp. 428. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE life of a dramatic clown would scarcely appear, at first sight, to possess much attraction; but the author of the '*Pickwick Papers*' has thrown around the whole history of Grimaldi an unusual interest; and the reader follows the eminent mime through his childhood, young affections, and theatrical pursuits and vicissitudes, without any sensations of weariness or labor. Much of the felicity of thought and language, which is the characteristic of Mr. DICKENS' style, is apparent in parts of these volumes. As a specimen we subjoin the following description of the celebrated 'O. P' riot, at Covent Garden Theatre, (of which American readers have only 'by parcels something heard,') which lasted for upward of seventy consecutive nights:

"Every body knows that the O. P. row originated in the indignation with which the play-going public regarded an increase in the prices of admission of one shilling each person to the boxes, and sixpence to the pit, with which was coupled a considerable increase in the number of private boxes; and every body knows, moreover, that the before mentioned play-going public expressed their dissatisfaction night after night in scenes of the most extraordinary and unparalleled nature. The noises made by the audience utterly overwhelmed every attempt that the actors could make to render themselves audible. Not a word that was said on the stage could be distinguished even in the front row of the pit, and the O. P. (Old Price) rioters, fearful that the exercise of their voices would not create a sufficient uproar, were in the habit of bringing the most extraordinary variety of curious and ill-toned instruments with them, to add to the noise and discordance of the scene. One gentleman, who constantly seated himself in the boxes, regaled himself and the company with a watchman's rattle, which he sprang vigorously at short intervals throughout the performances; another took his seat regularly every night in the centre of the pit, armed with a large dustman's bell, which he rang with a perseverance and strength of arm quite astounding to all beholders; and a party of three or four pleasant fellows brought live pigs, which were pinched at the proper times, and added considerably to the effect of the performances.

"But rattles, bells, pigs, trumpets, French horns, sticks, umbrellas, cat-calls, and bugles, were not the only vocal weapons used upon these occasions: Kemble was constantly called for, constantly came on, and constantly went off again, without being able to obtain a hearing. Numbers of Bow-street officers were in regular attendance; whenever they endeavored to seize the ring-leaders, the ring-leaders were defended by their partisans, and numerous fights (in one of which a man was nearly killed) resulted. Scarce an evening passed without flaming speeches being made from pit, boxes, and gallery; and sometimes half a dozen speeches would be in course of delivery at the same time. The greater portion of the time of the magistrates was occupied in investigations connected with the disturbances, and this state of things continued for nearly seventy nights. Placards were exhibited in every part of the house, principally from the pit; of the quality of which effusions the following may be taken as specimens:

"'*Notice to the Public.* — This house and furniture to be sold — Messrs. John Kemble and Co. declining business.'

“*Notice to the Public.* — The work-house in Covent Garden has been repaired and greatly enlarged for the use of the public.”

“*Cause of Justice.* — John Bull *versus* John Kemble — verdict for the plaintiff.”

“A large coffin, with the inscription, ‘Here lies the body of New Prices, who died of the whooping-cough, Sep. 23, 1809, aged six days.’

“The instant the performances began, the audience, who had been previously sitting with their faces to the stage, as audiences generally do, wheeled round to a man, and turned their backs upon it. When they concluded, which, in consequence of the fearful uproar, was frequently as early as half-past nine o’clock, they united in singing a parody on God save the King, of which the first verse ran thus :

“ ‘ God save great Johnny Bull,
Long live our noble Bull,
God save John Bull !
Send him victorious,
Loud and uproarious,
With lungs like Boreas :
God save John Bull ! ’ ”

“Then followed the O. P. dance, and a variety of speeches, and then the rioters would quietly disperse.

“The opinions of the press being, as a matter of course, divided on every question, were necessarily divided upon this. The Times and Post supported the new system ; in consequence of which, a placard was exhibited from the pit every evening, for at least a week, with the inscription,

“ ‘ The Times and Post are bought and sold,
By Kemble’s pride, and Kemble’s gold.’ ”

The Chronicle, on the other hand, took up the opposite side of the question, and supported the O. P. rioters with great fervor and constancy. In its columns one of the most popular of the numerous squibs on the subject appeared, which is here inserted. It may be necessary to premise that ‘Jack’ was John Kemble ; that the ‘Cat’ was Madame Catalani, then engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, and who was much opposed at that time, in consequence of her being a foreigner ; and that the ‘boxes’ were the new private boxes, among the great objects of popular execration.

“ ‘ THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.’ ”

“ ‘ This is the House that Jack Built.

“ ‘ These are the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

“ ‘ These are the pigeon holes over the boxes, let to the great that visit the house that Jack built.

“ ‘ This is the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

“ ‘ This is John Bull, with a bugle-horn, that hissed the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

“ ‘ This is the thief-taker, shaven and shorn,

“ ‘ That took up John Bull, with his bugle-horn, who hissed the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

“ ‘ This is the manager full of scorn,

“ ‘ Who RAISED THE PRICES to the people forlorn,

“ ‘ And directed the thief-taker, shaven and shorn,

“ ‘ To take up John Bull with his bugle-horn, who hissed the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.’ ”

“When this had gone on for several nights Kemble sent for Grimaldi, and said, that as the people would not hear dialogue, they would try pantomime, which might perhaps suit their tastes better, and accordingly Don Juan was put up for the next night, Grimaldi sustaining his old part of Scaramouch. He was received on his entrance with great applause, and it happened, oddly enough, that on that night there was little or no disturbance. This circumstance, which he naturally attributed in some degree to himself, pleased him amazingly, as indeed it did Kemble also, who, shaking him cordially by the hand, when he came off, said, ‘Bravo, Joe ! we have got them now ; we’ll act this again to-morrow night.’ And so they did ; but it appeared that they had not ‘got them’ either, for the uproar re-commenced with, if possible, greater fury than before, all the performers agreeing that until that moment they had never heard such a mighty and indescribable din.

Eventually, on the 15th of December, the famous O. P. row terminated, on the pro-

prietors of the theatre lowering the price of admission to the pit, removing the obnoxious private boxes, rescinding Madame Catalani's engagement, discharging Mr. James Brandon, house and box book-keeper, who had rendered himself very offensive to the O. P. people, abandoning all prosecutions against those who had been required to answer for their misconduct at the sessions, and offering a public apology. The ungracious task of making it, fell upon Mr. Kemble, who delivered what it was deemed necessary to say, with remarkable self-possession and dignity. It was received by the audience with great applause, and a placard was hoisted in the pit, bearing the words, 'We are satisfied;' it was speedily followed by a similar announcement in the boxes; and thus terminated the famous O. P. war, wholly unparalleled in dramatic or indeed in any other annals."

An audience at the theatre, convulsed, it may be, by the powers of a comic favorite, little know the circumstances of discomfort and pain under which, oftentimes, he comes before them. As an instance of the severe mental trials which an actor has sometimes to undergo, it has been mentioned, that during the time his father-in-law was lying dead, Grimaldi was engaged, for many hours each day, in rehearsing broadly humorous pantomime; and, as if to render the contrast more striking, he was compelled, on the day of the funeral, to rehearse part of his clown's character on the stage, to run to the melancholy death-ceremony, to get back from the church-yard to the theatre, to finish the rehearsal, and to exert all his comic powers at night to set the audience in a roar. An affecting account is given of his closing theatrical career, while yet in the prime of life. His constant labors had brought on premature debility and painful disease. In the last piece in which he was a regular performer, says his biographer, 'even during the earlier nights of its very successful representation, he could scarcely struggle through his part. His frame was weak and debilitated, his joints stiff, and his muscles relaxed; every effort he made, was followed by cramps and spasms, of the most agonizing nature. Men were obliged to be kept waiting at the side-scenes, who caught him in their arms when he staggered from the stage, and supported him, while others chafed his limbs—which was obliged to be incessantly done, until he was called for the next scene, or he could not have appeared again. Every time he came off, his sinews were gathered up into huge knots by the cramps that followed his exertions, which could only be reduced by violent rubbing, and even that frequently failed to produce the desired effect. The spectators, who were convulsed with laughter while he was on the stage, little thought, that while their applause was resounding through the house, he was suffering the most excruciating and horrible pains. But so it was, until the twenty-fourth night of the piece, when he had no alternative, in consequence of his intense sufferings, but to throw up the part.'

This work will well repay perusal, and is especially calculated for a travelling companion. Every chapter has some interesting story or incident, without contingency as to what may precede or follow it. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

BUDS OF SPRING. Poetical Remains of AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE. With Addenda. One volume. pp. 150. Boston: PERKINS AND MARVIN: New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE religious and moral tone which pervades these 'remains' of a warm poetical spirit, early called home to the God who gave it, will recommend them to the favorable regards of the public. Candor compels us to add, however, that they are for the most part rather pleasing than powerful; and that while they are unexceptionable in tendency and sentiment, they cannot lay claim to great force of imagination, or originality of thought. There are passages, nevertheless, in some of the more elab-

borate portions, which serve to show what might have been anticipated from the manhood of so young an intellect. Take, for example, the following, from a poem entitled 'Humility,' a college effort :

"It was amid the visions of the night ;
 Darkness lay like a mantle on the earth ;
 I dreamed I stood upon heaven's battlements,
 And lo ! an angel spread his mighty wings,
 And took his flight along the golden wall,
 That girds the courts of everlasting light ;
 And, as he flew, he lifted up his voice,
 And cried, ' Humility is dead !'
 A strange convulsion came upon my frame,
 And the cold sweat stood on my throbbing brow ;
 Thrice did he spread his pinions to the wind,
 And thrice I heard that melancholy cry ;
 ' Humility is dead !' — and then he paused,
 Even in mid heaven, and folded up his wings,
 And bowed his head upon his breast, and died.
 I looked to heaven ; and from its crystal columns
 The banners of rebellion were hung out,
 And on them written, ' God is King no more !'
 Those harps, that late had breathed such rapturous strains,
 Upon the jewelled pavement lay unstrung ;
 Strange sounds of blasphemy broke on the ear,
 And fearful shouts usurped the place of praise.
 I looked to earth — and as I looked I wept :
 Good men forgot their wonted gentleness,
 And higher swelled the angry cry for blood,
 The blood of rulers whom they late had loved ;
 Earth seemed an amphitheatre, in which
 Man's vilest passions strove for mastery.
 A moment more ; a rushing, mighty sound,
 Came like the noise of many chariot wheels,
 And heaven and earth were hushed to quietness,
 For both were still in universal death."

The work appears to have attained its magnitude, through a very intrepid and extensive application of the most approved recipes for book-making. The preface, introduction, notes, and 'addenda' — irrelevant miscellaneous verse, by the editor — make up the larger part of the volume. This savors of ostentation, or mistaken judgment. The whole is presented in a neat and tasteful dress.

CROMWELL. AN HISTORICAL NOVEL. By the author of 'The Brothers,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 542. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

This long promised, and long anticipated work, is at last published. The fact that it is an emanation from the same vigorous and well-stored intellect, the same refined taste and accomplished scholarship, that enriched our literature with 'The Brothers,' and those grand historical 'Passages' which delighted the public in the early numbers of our worthy contemporary, the American Monthly Magazine, will insure for the new romance a host of eager and much-expecting readers. We have eagerly possessed ourselves of the contents of the two handsome volumes ; and the anticipations expressed in our February number, are more than realized. Mr. HERBERT has given us a great picture of Cromwell. He has placed him before us as we have never before seen him, in that strange blending of true and honest patriotism with ambition and wild fanaticism, which Scott's high monarchical prejudices hindered him from conceiving, and which no other that we know of has attempted. We have neither time nor room for such a review of this sterling production as its merits deserve ; but we hope to see it well and worthily examined in the New-York Review, or the North American. It is deserving of a full and elaborate article in either of those periodi-

cals; and no reviewer, we may hope, will omit to extract entire the fourteenth chapter of the second volume, recording a mutiny and military execution, in a manner every way worthy of Walter Scott. The engraved portrait of Cromwell, with which the first volume is embellished, bears on its front the stamp of authenticity. We are surprised, however, at the sweet smile about the mouth! Surely, the Protector looked not so lovingly.

COMPANION TO THE 'TOURIST IN EUROPE.' A NEW FRENCH MANUAL: Comprising a Guide to French Pronunciation, a copious Vocabulary, Selection of Phrases; a Series of Conversations on the Curiosities, Manners, and Amusements of Paris, and during various Tours in Europe; Models of Letters, etc. Designed as a Guide to the Traveller, and an attractive Class Book for the Student. By GABRIEL SURRENNE, French Teacher to the Military and Naval Academy, Edinburgh. From the fourth Edinburgh edition. Revised and enlarged, by A. PESTIAUX, Professor of the French Language, New-York. In one volume. pp. 244. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

LITTLE need be added to the above copious title, in relation to the character of this excellent Manual. The student of French will soon be enabled, by the aid of this book, and with very little application, to become acquainted with such phrases as are used in conversation, and which it is absolutely necessary he should understand. An original and valuable feature in the work, is that portion of the volume entitled 'Modern Conversation, or Descriptive Dialogues in French and English,' composed expressly for this book, upon subjects of the greatest interest to the modern traveller. 'In these, the student or tourist will find a minute account of every object of curiosity in Paris, given in French and English, and the correct pronunciation of the former language, according to the most polite usages, exhibited by means of Italic letters and connecting marks.' The author has entirely succeeded, as it seems to us, in combining a concise and luminous view of the spoken language of France, with a valuable companion for the English or American traveller.

SONNETS. By EDWARD MOXON. In one volume. pp. 75. London, 1833. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE poetic *feeling* is apparent in all these sonnets, and many of them possess the added merits of beauty and grace in composition. A love of nature, and a due estimate of virtue and the gentle affections, are prominent features in this very handsome volume. We have room but for the following:

'HERE sleeps beneath this bank, where daisies grow,
The kindest sprite Earth holds within her breast;
In such a spot I would this frame should rest,
When I to join my friend far hence shall go.
His only mate is now the minstrel lark,
Who chants her morning music o'er his bed,
Save she who comes each evening, ere the bark
Of watch-dog gathers drowsy folds, to shed
A sister's tears. Kind Heaven, upon her head
Do thou in dove-like-guise thy Spirit pour,
And in her aged path some flow'rets spread,
Of earthly joy, should Time for her in store
Have weary days and nights, ere she shall greet
Him whom she longs in Paradise to meet!'

This sonnet refers to the lamented LAMB, and the daily visits to his grave of his affectionate sister, whom 'ELIA' has immortalized. Lamb was a warm friend of our author, and more than once alludes to him in his correspondence.

ALICE, OR THE MYSTERIES: A SEQUEL TO 'ERNEST MALTRAVERS.' By the author of 'Pelham,' 'Rienzi,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 448. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

BEFORE these pages can have reached our readers, this latest novel of Mr. BULWER will have become familiar to a large majority of his American admirers. We shall not, therefore, attempt a connected review of the work, but content ourselves with a few general and brief remarks in relation to its literary merits. Our author has evidently profited by the criticisms upon the production to which this is a sequel. While it is undeniable that 'Ernest Maltravers' could not fail to have a bad effect upon minds whose principles were not yet ossified, by shedding a mild lustre over gilded vice, it is equally true, that 'Alice' is mainly free from kindred blemishes. It is, indeed, a well conceived and admirably written novel. The prominent characters are drawn with exceeding skill, and the main incidents move on with increasing rapidity and force to the end of the volumes. The elegance of diction, the conciseness and felicity of expression, peculiar to Mr. BULWER, not less than the power of graphic description, for which he is remarkable, are here abundantly exhibited; while, ever and anon, new truths are brought forward, or old ones adorned, in those golden mazes of exquisite illustration, through which our author so loves to wind. We were about to commend the work to the reader's favorable regards, but that were a labor of supererogation.

AN HISTORICAL DISCOURSE ON THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS OF THE COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND. BY JOHN CALLENDER, M. A. With a Memoir of the Author; Biographical notices of some of his distinguished contemporaries; and annotations and original documents, illustrative of the History of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, from the first settlement to the end of the first century. By PROF. ELTON, of Brown University. Providence. New-York: APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE are glad to see this valuable historical document re-published, with the additions above enumerated. It was delivered and published in Newport, (R. I.), just one hundred years since, and has always been considered a document of great interest, embracing a history of that state, during the first century of its existence as a colony; a period of deep interest, as the opinions then disseminated continue in full force, and have stamped the character of the people even to the present generation, with that freedom of opinion, that public spirit and enterprise, that simplicity of manners, which were the most prominent traits in her first colonists. It is pleasing, too, to contrast the manner in which Roger Williams and the little band which accompanied him, became possessed of their lands, with the disgraceful means resorted to, in the present civilized age, to obtain the lands of the aborigines, at the south. In addition to the discourse, which constitutes about one half the volume, are biographical sketches of John Callender, President Stiles, Roger Williams, Rev. William Blackstone, Bishop Berkley and others; beside many interesting documents relative to the several religious sects, of the period, Indian conveyances of land, charter of king Charles II., July 8, 1663, etc., etc. Professor Elton has done himself much credit, in bringing to light the present work in so satisfactory a manner, and we hope to see other historical documents as well illustrated.

The typographical execution of the volume is not surpassed by any similar American production. It reflects credit on the editor, as well as the Rhode Island Historical Society, under the auspices of which it was published.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'WILSON CONWORTH.' — The last chapter of this eventful history appears in the present number. It has been received with signal favor, portions of almost every successive chapter having been widely circulated in the journals of the Union. It may not be amiss to add, that the writer will continue a constant contributor to this Magazine. What ensues, will explain to those who have followed the fortunes of Conworth, how the MSS. came into the hands of his editors. It was received with, and should have accompanied, the first number, published in January, 1837.

'WEARIED with the toils of professional life, I set out in the summer of 1833, to make the tour of the western states. I had scarcely shaken off the idea that I had really got away from clients, and the insufferable atmosphere of court rooms, when, one morning, by calculating my longitude, I found I was a thousand miles from home. Thanks to steam cars and steam-boats! But this rapidity of journeying, and loss of sleep, and being a thousand miles from home, after all, made me quite sick, and I was forced to engage a room for a week, and consider myself an invalid; although, as good luck would have it, I had fallen, about this time, upon a pleasant village. My physician was a very intelligent man, and agreeable companion, and did all he could to amuse me. Hearing from him, one day, that he had a gentleman under his care, of somewhat eccentric character, I expressed a desire to take the air, and accompany him in his visit.

'We passed a little out of the village, and came to a neat cottage, the grounds around which had the air of unusual refinement. We entered, and, lying upon the sofa, I beheld the form of my old friend and class-mate, Wilson Conworth. He did not speak, but a faint tinge passed over his face, and then a tear slowly gathered and rolled down his wasted cheek. His heart seemed too full for words. Every effort to speak, choked his utterance. I sat by him some time, holding his hand, although I knew not what to say, or how to address a man, whom I had supposed dead for years, and now found only a day's journey from his grave. The physician advised that I should leave him for the present, as he feared the consequences of any excitement.

'After we had left the house, I learnt that he had been a resident in the place about four years; that he was very retired and studious in his habits, and constantly employing the surplus of a not large property in assisting the poor. No one knew from whence he came, but all respected the purity of his life. I did not feel authorized to tell what I knew, but merely answered to my companion's inquiries, that he was an early acquaintance of mine. Afterward, I called upon my own account, and staid with Conworth until he died, which was but a few days. During all my visits, he declined giving me any information respecting himself, but seemed anxious to learn the history of my own tolerable fortune.

'The day before his dissolution, he put the following pages into my hands, and said: 'This will explain all. Do not read it until I am dead.'

'In giving it to the world, I have been influenced by the wishes of a dying man. It does not pretend to literary merit. It would be strange, too, if the opinions expressed by a man who confesses himself the victim to a faulty education, should be just in all respects. Indeed, I am aware the work has many faults — many crude opinions; the strugglings of a mind, chained by evil habits, and darkened by error, to free itself of its

shackles, and arise to truth. It may suggest some notions that can be carried out to valuable results. No man thinks in vain; and ungenerous wrong-thinking is better than slavishness of mind. I am inclined to think, too, that Conworth intended these pages as a kind of apology to those who once knew him.

THE EDITOR.

A LEAF FROM OUR NOTE-BOOK, wherein are recorded familiar thoughts, in a familiar way. It is proper to add, that whosoever will, may turn the leaf, and so escape the chances of an untried experiment.

ANIMAL BURLESQUE.—Did you never remark, reader, the exhibition of a species of burlesque, in the deportment of animals? Strong contrasts are often observable in the bearing of this 'portion of the community.' We could not resist a hearty laugh, recently, as we saw a pocket edition of a poodle, bedizzened with tinkling bells and red ribbon, following one of HARRINGTON's lordly St. Bernard mastiffs, and expressing its personal dislike of the canine giant, by a rapid series of *fœtus* barks, or *barklets*, as LAMB would have termed its small vociferations. With what indescribable contempt, did the monster look down upon his little assailant, in the brief moment that he turned round his head, and then moved on, overshadowing the aspiring cur with his immense tail! Dignity was enthroned in his whole manner and aspect. A similar disparity is sometimes variously exhibited in a higher order of animals. The city reader will remember a menagerie incident, which occurred here some years since. A tiger, by some means or other, escaped from his cage, while the keeper was in the amphitheatre. He ran from side to side, 'seeking whom he might devour.' At length his fiery eye rested upon the keeper, who had taken up his position under the lee of a huge elephant, that had watched the motions of the enraged animal, from the beginning, with great gravity. The tiger sprang violently toward his master, but suddenly found himself encircled in the lithe proboscis of the elephant, and presently after, whirling in the air. Twice he returned to the charge, and twice he was sent half across the amphitheatre, the last time with a force that brought him to the ground, with exceeding emphasis, and in a state so disabled as to render his capture easy. The ponderous decorum with which the elephant conducted the affair, and the chagrin and discomfiture of his adversary, are said to have afforded a rich scene. It was a *pitched* battle, which the latter never forgot.

Apropos of elephants. A friend once described to us a laughable scene which he saw in Baltimore, wherein this 'half-reasoning parent of combs' (vide Dr. JOHNSON,) bore, as usual, a conspicuous and powerful part. Five or six men were 'being led' by the animal—they supposed they were leading him—to the steamboat at the wharf, where he was to embark, with a menagerie, for Philadelphia. He clanked up, in chains, to the end of the pier, just as a sudden puff of steam escaped from the valve, preparatory to starting. The elephant looked indolently up at the white vapor, flapped his ears, and turned doggedly round, saying, as plainly as actions could speak, 'I do n't go in *that* boat!' For the next twenty minutes, he was seen, by the passengers in waiting, slowly moving up the long street, in sullen dignity, while the attendants, uttering diverse soothing expostulations, pulled strenuously back upon the ropes and chains which lightly encumbered the resistless animal's legs. When the boat left the wharf, the party were still faintly discerned in the distance, continuing their toilsome and vexatious journey.

A CELESTIAL REVERIE.—There comes, to the thoughtful and contemplative man, a peculiar sense of serene majesty, when twilight falls upon the earth in the spring-time. The heart is then a devout worshipper in the great cathedral of nature. Low, deep-toned harmonies seem to vibrate in the still and solemn air; and faint, mellow beams, fading every moment, steal from the stained windows of the west, as one by one

the evening lights 'go up upon their watch.' But when twilight deepens into night, the wide o'erhanging firmament—that 'majestical roof, fretted with golden fires'—in its bright and countless hosts of worlds, overwhelms the rapt gazer with awe, at the power and majesty of the Great Architect. 'Are those bright orbs,' he exclaims, 'inhabitable worlds, like this of ours? Lo! even while we gaze, one falls far down the deep blue vault, and vanishes away. Was a world, in the inscrutable providence of the SUPREME, then blotted from being? Is our universe but as a star, to the dwellers in those suspended spheres, and will it be seen, ages hence, from yon far-gleaming orbs, suddenly to fall and fade, like a transient meteor in the sky?' HE alone knoweth, who spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain, and hangeth the earth upon nothing! Faint glimpses are indeed afforded to the searcher after the unseen—dim perceptions of Nature's sublime mysteries. We wonder and admire, when, at a moment for years foretold, one celestial system clips with its mighty shadow a fellow system, as far in space they sweep their awful cycles. We marvel when, commissioned by the All-powerful, a wan and misty orb, predicted for a century, 'streams its horrid hair' upon the midnight sky. But of even these phenomena, how limited is our knowledge! 'Our best philosophical system is none other than a dream-theorem; a net-quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown.'

'POOR MINO.'—'Good morning!' in a clear, sonorous voice, rang in our ears, the other day, as we stepped into the store of a bird-fancier, in Nassau-street. Seeing no one in the shop, we were pondering in our mind whence the courteous salutation could proceed, when a large, handsome bird, of glossy black, fixed his keen eye upon us, and cocking his head inquisitively, asked, 'What's your name?' Surprised beyond measure at the full and perfect pronunciation, and intonation of the voice, so unlike the mere parrot, we were actually on the point of answering the query, when the loquacious questioner, turning toward a door that opened into an adjoining apartment, called out, 'Uncle John! Uncle John!' An elderly Quaker gentleman, of taciturn manners, entered, when the bird broke out into one of the most hearty, infectious laughs it was ever our good fortune to hear, ending in a suppressed double chuckle, as if rounding off, *sotto voce*, a guffaw at a capital joke, which he had enjoyed with the utmost gusto. Oh, that joyous laugh! It was the very music of childhood. The next moment, in tones as pathetic and melting as those of Sterne's starling, he faltered out, 'Poor Mino!' But all sympathy with his captivity was at an end, when he presently commenced whistling a lively tune, apparently with great glee. Mino is a rare East Indian bird—a wonder and a marvel. Only five hundred dollars are demanded for him; and considering that his 'conversational powers' are of the first order, (although his rôle may be rather limited,) the price is not unreasonable. Endowed with this bird's voice, how far removed from certain fashionable bipeds would be an active monkey? How many live on the trottoirs of Broadway, who could hail him as a familiar and a brother!

THE STEAM SHIPS. — Since the advent of Noah's ark, that unique piece of naval architecture, there has probably not been more fervent curiosity excited by any water-craft, than has been awakened by the steam-ships that have recently come to, and gone from, us across the Atlantic. The whole town, 'populous, multifaced,' went on board of them. We confessed the general infection, and found no rest, until we stood where, 'extended long and large,' the 'GREAT WESTERN' lay at her moorings—nay, until we had wandered over her from stem to stern, high and low; admiring her stupendous scale, the appointments which render her spacious cabins luxurious drawing-rooms, and the might and majesty of her machinery. Her propelling force is embodied POWER. The moral sublime must be strikingly exemplified, when this immense structure, in mid ocean,

— walks the floods below,
While they roar on the shore,
And the stormy tempests blow!

a huge animal, that heeds not the Deep, when it uttereth its voice, but makes it 'boil

like a pot!" Spurning wind and wave, she parts the seething foam, and paws her resistless way to the haven where she would be! What a comment upon the wisdom of those *cui bono* men, who shook their sage heads at ROBERT FULTON, and ridiculed the bold and adventurous range of thought which foresaw the power of steam! It is to be hoped that that Solomon yet survives, who said to FULTON, when his brow was covered with the thick dew of mental anxiety, at an accidental mechanical inefficiency in his first experiment on the Hudson, 'I told you so! 'T won't do! — 't won't do!' There was such a contemner of imagination, and its fruitful offspring, inventive genius.

'WHO IS BLENERHASSET?' — Who that promenades in Broadway, but has seen, at some time or other of the day, a youngish man, of medium stature, adust or saturnine complexion, and mumping visnomy, with his hand full of gingerbread-cakes, which he nibbles ever and anon as he goes musingly along? He is known as the 'Gingerbread Man.' An undecided species of faded pantaloons, 'laxatively pendulous,' button up his nether anatomy. His coat, once black, has assumed, in the back, a mottled gingerbread hue. It is as if the color of his daily food had oozed, in saffron distillations, through his epidermis, breaking out externally in spots 'of a very aggravated type.' In front, the garment is placed on 'a short allowance of buttons,' which are for the most part shelled out like beans. Buttoned to the throat, it yawns in the skirts, which 'goe flippe-flappe' beneath the pockets, wherein stores of the wearer's favorite cake are garnered. If you know this personage, reader, you can answer the memorable question of WIRT, 'Who is BLENERHASSET?' Our hero is the only son of that distinguished man; and yet he seems but a stranger and a pilgrim in the metropolis:

'And where he goes, or how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.'

'THERE is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood.' WASHINGTON IRVING says truly. The haughtiest and the richest will answer for him. Sickness,' says the good SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 'is the mother of Modesty, and putteth us in mind of our mortality; and when we are in the full career of worldly pomp and jolity, she pulleth us by the ears, and makes us know ourselves.' But if they are 'broken down' in sickness, who have riches, and need of nothing, what is his condition, who — in a mart crowded with men thankful for leave to toil, though but for a pittance — relies upon the labor of his hands for his daily bread, and that of an innocent family? Let this picture, reader, painted by an 'old master,' (how time-honored is Want!) make answer: Laid on the bed of languishing, perhaps on the bed of death, he beholds his wife and children disconsolate around him. They can present to him none of the cordials and supports of sickness, for his interrupted labor deprives them of the staff of life. His distress and theirs are unknown to the ear of opulence. Those who employ him, recognise him only by the price of his labor. When fastened to a sick bed, which serves rather to augment than to alleviate his malady, he ceases to attend his work, he ceases also to be present to their minds. Another comes, occupies his place, receives the wages he used to earn, and the sick man is forgotten. Disease continues to prey upon his frame, until he expires! He is consigned to the grave, of difficult purchase, and to oblivion, or is remembered only by the beggary of his family, accounted importunate and troublesome. The midnight bell, that is booming over this great metropolis as these thoughts are recorded, sounds in the wakeful ear of many a family, made desolate like this!

A RARE place is a menagerie, both for exhibition of the animals observed, and the humans observing. Various are the drolleries in each, which pass before the keeper. 'Have you such an animal as a Prock, in your *mentangentry*?' said a back-woods wag to the president of a western itinerating 'institute' of wild animals. No; never heard of him; what sort of a critter is he? 'He is a Wisconsin varmint, which it is difficult

sufficiently adequately for to describe. He is exceedingly fleet—in fact, very much so. He has four legs—two short ones on one side, and two long ones on the other. He always grazes on an inclined plane; and the way they catch him, is curious. They *head* him, make him turn round, and this brings his long legs on the *up-hill-side*; consequence of which, his short legs an't no account. He falls down, rolls over and over and is mighty soon caught.' The apparently credulous president offered a handsome sum for a live specimen; and proceeded to hoax the naturalist in return, while he was deeply interested in a cage of playful foxes. 'Them animals,' said he, 'comes from Iceland, a cold country, north of Canada, a piece. They are very fond of crows' eggs, which they steal from the precipices, on the sea-side. They are cunning critters—very. When they come to a spot where they expect to find a batch of nests, they make a ring, and begin to wrestle, to see which is the strongest. When they find out, the stoutest goes to the edge of the precipice, takes his next neighbor's tail in his teeth, and he takes another, and so on, till the string is long enough to hang over and reach the eggs, which are then handed up from one to another, (our greedy listener forgot to ask *how*), until they arrive in safety at the top!' The 'prock' fabulist retired, filled with amazement at the marvellous vulpine string.

GRIEVOUS and 'considerably unpleasant, if not more,' to bear, is the burthen of a new coat. A hat is bad enough—but a new coat, with 'a tight fit!' What an amount of care and of personal solicitude it brings with it—to say nothing of that indescribable feeling, which makes an unoccupied arm a decided superfluity—a mere hang-on; a sensation, faintly shadowed forth, when the wearer's 'measure' was taken, and he was told to hold up his head, like a man, and drop his hands, which dangled so strangely far below the termination of sleeves that had always seemed long enough until then. See yonder victim, dodging fellow pedestrians, as if he feared that contact would collapse him, like a soap-bubble. Hear him think aloud, in the language of 'one who knows,' as he threads his devious way: 'Oh to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep, scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail reversed; to coast a gutter, with horrible anticipations of the consequences!' There is, however, one consolation. The evil will soon *wear off*, and the draper shall benevolently rejoice that it has been removed.

THE 'TREE OF LEGAL KNOWLEDGE.'—A very large engraving, thus entitled, has been shown us by the author. The ingenuity and research manifested in its construction, demand high praise. In this legal tree, the lawyer or the student will find spread out before him, as on a map, the various methodical divisions and subdivisions of his abstruse science. All the great principles of the common law, with the enlargements and curtailments by statute, clothed in the garb of material objects, may here be traced. The whole is to the law what an atlas is to the study of geography, and can scarcely fail to command an extensive circulation among the legal fraternity of the United States. It is ornamented with well-executed and appropriate vignettes, and dedicated to Hon. WILLIAM GASTON, of North Carolina. We can confidently commend this 'tree' as one which bids fair to be favorably known by its fruits.

C. G. THOMSON, THE ARTIST. — We are glad to perceive the praise which is awarded to this young but gifted artist, in some of the public journals. He deserves it all; and we have not a little pleasure in finding that the justice of the encomiums with which we accompanied his first introduction to the lovers of art in this city, has been fully and substantially acknowledged by the public. The richness and fidelity of his coloring, the grace and ease of his drawing and positions, are themes of especial laud, particularly in his 'lady-portraits,' and likenesses of children. One of these latter has elicited the following lines from the pen of an esteemed correspondent :

STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY THE 'NURSERY SCENE,' A PICTURE BY C. G. THOMSON, REPRESENTING THE HEAD OF A BOY RESTING ON THE BOSOM OF HIS SISTER.

How deep, beyond all utterance, is the joy
Which thou, fair sister of that gentle boy,
Dost feel, as on thy calm, untroubled breast,
He seeks his wonted welcome place of rest;
And in his warm and innocent caress,
His young eye beams with love and happiness.
How deep, and yet how tranquil, is its flow!
Who cannot read it in that living glow
Of pure affection, which thy heart hath sent
To thy fair brow, so mutely eloquent?

And can it be, that when a few short years
Have swiftly fled, your hearts can be so changed
By the world's cares, its jealousies, and fears,
That ye unconsciously may be estranged —
Your young hopes faded, your affections cold,
And hours like this forgotten? Can it be,
That if, in after time, ye should behold
This image of your joyous infancy,
Your hearts, unwarmed, unmelted by the view,
May doubt if e'er this pictured scene were true!

The thought is sad, where that young head may lie:
Perchance, when those few fleeting years have passed;
Beneath the burning heat of India's sky,
Or shivering in the northern tempests' blast:
And when the light shall leave that beaming eye,
Where it may sink, where it may lie, at last,
Perhaps o'erburdened with its weight of care,
It may sink down in sorrow to the dust;
Or, stung by shame, and tortured by despair,
Its weak and failing springs of life may burst:
Or, it may lie, in agony and pain,
On the rent battle-field or bloody deck;
Or mid the raging of the hurricane,
Go down in some storm-rent, night-foundered wreck,
To find its everlasting place of sleep
In the dark caverns of the boundless deep!

And when thy head, fair boy! is far away
From that loved pillow where it doth repose,
What unknown sorrows in that coming day,
Around that fond and gentle breast may close!
What gnawing cares to that warm heart may cling,
What baffled hope there ply its ceaseless sting;
What secret grief may then within it dwell,
What woes unspoken and unspeakable;
What life-consuming pangs that bosom hide,
Which, once, to shield from harm, thou wouldst have gladly died!

I love to gaze on your mute loveliness,
Forgetful of the magic work of art;
And while I feel the power which ye possess
To elevate and purify the heart,
I will not think what future years may bring
Of care, of sorrow, and of suffering:
No: still thus ever tranquil be that breast,
On which thy head, in innocence, doth rest,
Fair boy! — no heavier burden may it bear,
But be thy gentle head for ever pillowed there!

A. G. C.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE is doing a 'profitable spring business.' Ernest Maltravers, a late novelty, repeatedly attracted crowded audiences. This was to have been expected, from the previous interest in the unfinished tale of Bulwer; but the dramatist, merely taking the hint from the novel, has worked up from her own imagination a piece of five acts, even still more exciting and immoral than the original story; and of course its tendency is none the less evil, for its being admirably represented, in a series of scenes and tableaux, effectively got up. This sort of drama, it is true, (and the fact is lamentable,) is the most likely to fill the house, and the manager's pocket; but still we hope there is good taste enough in the community to warrant the eschewing of the Bowery school, altogether. Is there not ample matériel for novelties of a more chaste and classical character, and which shall be equally attractive, withal? Surely Mr. WALLACK's excellent company are capable of adorning any branch of their profession. Their abilities were well displayed on the occasion of BROWNE's benefit, a few weeks since, in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife,' (VANDENHOFF as 'Leon,') 'The Adopted Child,' (WALLACK as 'Michael') and the new farce of 'The Good Looking Fellow.' The house was filled to the ceiling, for BROWNE is a jewel of an actor, and a great favorite.

Mr. VANDENHOFF, one of the first living tragedians, has, we regret to state, returned to England. Among his recent performances, was Cardinal Wolsey. The whole play of Henry VIII. (H. WALLACK, as the King, Miss E. WHEATLEY, Queen Catherine,) was never done so well in this country: but VANDENHOFF's Wolsey was indeed a rare specimen of the highest grade of acting; chaste, dignified, affecting. He has many warm personal friends among us, and carries with him the respect and hearty good wishes of all who know him. Mr. WALLACK deserves thanks for procuring the visit of such a man, and we rejoice that it will soon be repeated.

Mrs. H. WALLACK, (late Miss TURPIN,) has appeared in the new and gorgeous spectacle of 'Leila,' which will undoubtedly have a great run. The scenery has proved equal to that of 'Telemachus,' which was a 'spectacle' worth seeing.

'LA PETITE AUGUSTA.'—This extraordinary little girl has been among us again, delighting, as before, large audiences at the Park, with her graceful dancing, and admirable action in pantomime. As the 'Dew-Drop,' in the 'Mountain Sylph,' she won all hearts. She has greatly improved, even in the short period which has elapsed since her first engagement at the Park. She is now on the seas, on her way to England and France, where she is to remain for a considerable period, to complete her education. She will return to us, we hesitate not to predict, one of the most accomplished artistes, in her department, that has ever appeared before the American public. We join her numerous friends and admirers in warm wishes for her welfare.

THE TIDES.—The Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) Gazette—which we feel bound in courtesy to notice, since it largely honors the KNICKERBOCKER—mentions a remarkable recession of the tide, that occurred there on the 14th of November last, and which is especially worthy of record, in connection with our correspondent's remarks, in another place, upon similar phenomena. An alarming announcement, 'The sea is dry, and the ships are stranded!' brought the editor to the beach, where he found nearly the whole population of Honolulu; some of the natives dancing joyously in the slimy bed of the sea, among thousands of stranded fish, both of the finny and mollusca tribes, and others ferreting out the tender 'small fry' from the crannies of the coral rocks. On a similar occasion, if we remember rightly, the sudden reflux of the tide buried numbers in the resistless flood. Volcanic influences at Hawaii, or the islands at sea—an earthquake in some quarter of the island-group—the sudden draining of the ocean by the simultaneous spouting of a large body of whales!—and the sinking of some part of the foundation of the ocean—were among the suggestions, serious and jocular, as of the cause of the phenomena.

BATHING. — 'Took a sea-bath, that Lethe to a troubled mind, and best of all corporeal renovators.' So says BYRON, in a paragraph of his journal; and if our readers were thoroughly aware of the luxury of salt-water bathing — if they knew how much it conduces to health — how agreeably it acts upon the mind, through the medium of a renovated body — they would echo the opinions of the noble bard, and avail themselves, without prompting, of a 'creature comfort' in all respects so salutary and delightful. The annual anchoring of the 'NEW-YORK FLOATING BATHS,' opposite the Battery, near Castle-Garden, affords an appropriate occasion to remind our citizens — our literary and professional friends, especially — that they have within convenient reach a most pleasant resort, where salt-water bathing may be enjoyed in perfection; and if even one of our many metropolitan readers shall say, after having luxuriated, of a warm day, in these safe reservoirs of pure ocean brine, enjoyed the ever-springing breeze and the unmatched view of our glorious bay, with its picturesque shores, which may be commanded from the roof of the bath, if he (or *she*, for the ladies are also well provided for,) shall say that we have at all overrated this healthful luxury, the error shall stand publicly corrected, in our own pages!

We have seen it stated, that an attempt is to be made, by the capable and enterprising proprietor of the baths in question, to obtain permission from the mayor and city councils to secure a location for a more spacious establishment, with enlarged accommodations, to be placed upon permanent piers, between Castle-Garden and Whitehall, and another, of a kindred description, at some point of convenient access in the East River. We cannot doubt that the proposition will be received with favor at the hands of our public-spirited authorities. Such establishments, while they may be made ornaments to a city, with the increase and improvement of which they have hitherto scarcely kept pace, and the admiration of strangers, are also rendered a perpetual source of the purest enjoyment — that which springs from health.

A CORRESPONDENT modestly requests us to 'change the name' of our beloved KNICKERBOCKER. What a Goth he must be! A more renowned cognomen is not contained in the language. Why, man, look at the *effect* of our name. Since the establishment of this Magazine, how the days of history have come back upon us! What a number of 'Knickerbocker stages' — beautiful omnibii — have been started, and 'Knickerbocker barges' launched! The boys slide, in winter, on gaily-painted Knickerbocker sleds; 'Knickerbocker Halls,' and places of various entertainment, have arisen and multiplied; 'Knickerbocker Circulating Libraries' abound; whose wishes to attract particular attention to a communication in a public journal, always adopts our ever-memorable patronymic as a signature; and half our letters, from abroad as well as at home, come directed to 'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, Jr.' 'Change the name!' Surely, sapient 'M. B. S.,' your intellectuals cannot be in a healthful state. 'Does your anxious mother know you are out?' 'Change the name!' We appreciate *now* the emotions of the parish work-house overseer, when Oliver Twist 'asked for more.' Change the name, indeed! Marry come up! We should as soon think of doing it, however, as of adopting our correspondent's suggestion in another particular — namely, to 'give more *solid* articles.' Our aim is to amuse and entertain, as well as to instruct and inform. Hence, *variety, and attractive light reading* — but not *too* light — enter largely into our plan. In giving, occasionally, substantial articles, we aim to avoid those which make the reader feel the *weight* of the matter too sensibly in a heavy style, and present those, rather, which bring down knowledge to the level of ordinary understanding, serving as a medium of communication between the profound mind, on the one hand, and the practical man of business, and the industrious mechanic or artizan, on the other; removing

prejudice, and increasing the aggregate of general intelligence, on which national happiness and improvement depend. These are our plans; and the substantial evidences that our course is acceptable, liberal as they have ever been, yet greatly increase with every issue. For all which we shall labor to be duly and practically grateful.

MR. GEORGE H. HILL. — This gentleman leaves us soon, for Europe; and we cannot permit the occasion to pass, without saying a few words in relation to his merits, both as an actor and as a man. Touching the former, we but echo public opinion, when we affirm, that in the exhibition of the quiet, dry humor, peculiar to the yankee, par excellence, he stands unrivalled. His acting is nature itself. As a gentleman, Mr. HILL is deservedly esteemed, in private life, for his correct deportment, and his entire freedom from those draw-backs which sometimes attach to gifted members of the histrionic corps. We cordially wish him a repetition of the favor which he has already met with abroad, and a timely return to his native country.

LITERARY RECORD.

THE PASSION FOR RICHES. — A pamphlet has been sent us — and we regret that it did not reach us in season for more extended notice — entitled, 'The Passion for Riches, and its Influence upon our Social, Literary, and Political Character,' being a Lecture delivered by J. W. WILLIAMS, Esq., before the Young Men's Association of the City of Utica, in February last. We should be glad to see this lecture widely disseminated, for the evil which it so forcibly exposes, in its various forms, has long been, and justly, a reproach to our country, and a fruitful theme for the derision of foreigners. An effect of this baneful passion upon our literary interests is thus set forth: 'We are apt, in this country, to think of a man who addicts himself to science and literature, that his time might be turned to more profitable account, were he engaged in some calling that would tend more directly to the increase of his fortune. We are all for the practical; by which we mean, that which has little to do with mental advancement, and every thing with gain. We appear to consider the modicum of knowledge which enables one to pursue business with profit, as all abundant in the way of education; and that whatever exceeds that, weakens the capacity for the affairs of every-day life. The consequence is, that shrewdness in turning a penny or driving a bargain has become a sort of national characteristic. Our enterprise, which is distinguished, is directed rather to the increase of our opulence, than to the elevation of our minds. We so much magnify the one, that we almost overlook the other. We seem to estimate the possession of riches as the chief good, and the want of them as a crime.' All this is undeniable; but the ridicule of other nations, and a growing self-respect, has somewhat lessened, and we trust will still farther diminish, this national reproach.

MEDICAL ADVISER. — We need do nothing more than announce the comprehensive title of the following work, recently published by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. The name of the author is a sufficient warrant for the character of the volume: 'Popular Medicine, or Family Adviser; consisting of Outlines of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with such hints on the practice of Physic, Surgery, and the Diseases of Women and Children, as may prove useful in families, when regular physicians cannot be procured; being a companion and guide for intelligent principals of manufactories, plantations, and boarding-schools, heads of families, masters of vessels, missionaries, or travellers; and a useful sketch for young men about commencing the study of medicine. By REYNELL COATES, M. D., Fellow of the College of Physicians, etc.'

'HUMBUGS OF NEW-YORK : being a Remonstrance against Popular Delusion, whether in Science, Philosophy, or Religion. By DAVID MEREDITH REESE, M. D.' Such of our readers as remember the exposé awarded to Dr. REESE, in these pages, soon after his ridiculous attack of a valuable work by Dr. BRIGHAM, will agree with us, that no one could be better qualified to write upon *humbug*, than our author. He understands the matter perfectly; and has turned his practical knowledge and long experience to tolerable account, in exposing *some* of the humbugs of the day, and to poor account, as heretofore, in including *other* matters, which have nothing in common with 'popular delusions.' Our author's reputation, as an honest exponent of phrenology, has been pretty thoroughly established. 'Silence were best,' we should think, in this regard. But in discussing ultra-temperance, ultra-abolitionism, and ultra-sectarianism, he has done the public good service, the meed of which may be some atonement for the mortification attendant upon the 'making a Judy of himself' some twelvemonth or so since. But King Humbug will always rule, in provinces, notwithstanding the rebellion of his prime ministers. He was born to have sway, somewhere, in all time. 'Mighty ancient' is his family. His mother, we are told, was

——— 'Eden's madam,
For Satan he did humbug her,
And she did humbug Adam.'

'THE DESERTED BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS,' is the title of a volume recently given to the public, by COL. GEORGE P. MORRIS, of the 'New-York Mirror.' The poem occupying the place of honor in, and which gives the name to, the work, was originally communicated to the KNICKERBOCKER, by the author, and subsequently attained a wide circulation in the journals of the day. The other minor poems, including several theatrical addresses, and songs set to music, have also been made familiar to American newspaper-readers, having been proclaimed, as our persevering and indefatigable friend felicitously expresses it, 'from the house-tops of the press.' Not having been favored by the publishers with a copy of the volume — and 'wherefore we know not' — we are unable to speak of the book in detail; yet we may confidently predict, 'unsight, unseen,' as commercial juveniles have it, that there is not an objectionable sentiment in the work, nor the merest literary trifle without its agreeable characteristic, in a social, moral, or religious point of view. The volume is spoken of, we perceive, on all hands, as a very finished production, in its typography, and externals of paper and binding. New-York: ADLARD AND SAUNDERS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April, has been published. It reaches us late, and we have but glanced through its fair, clear pages. It has nine articles proper, and twelve brief critical notices. The reviews are, Original Italian Historical Romances, by our correspondent, G. W. GREENE, Esq., American Consul at Rome; Periodical Essays of the Age of ANNE; VARGAS DE BEDEMAR's Madeira and the Azores; Last years of MARIA LOUISA; Early History of Canada, (M'GREGOR's 'British America,' and SCHOOLCRAFT's Mississippi 'Expedition;') LOCKHART's Memoirs of SCOTT, CLARK's Documentary History of the American Revolution, and ROY's Hebrew Lexicon.

'THE ALBION.' — Our readers are aware of the preëminent rank in which we place this most capacious of our literary weekly journals. It has very naturally acquired an unsurpassed circulation. A plate, we are informed, exceeding in size and beauty any of the frequent fine engravings hitherto given in the work, will soon be issued, and subsequently a superb portrait of QUEEN VICTORIA. To its embellishments, and rare literary contents, are added, weekly, the most choice musical attractions. We hesitate not, therefore, to pronounce the ALBION the best, as, all things considered, it is certainly the cheapest, literary weekly journal in the United States; and this fact seems to have been thoroughly established.

NEW-YORK REVIEW. — The early issue of this work, for the April quarter, enables us to advert briefly to a portion of its contents. From a cursory perusal, we judge it to be a rich number. Chancellor KENT has a sound, and in some parts eloquent, article upon the Supreme Court of the United States; there is an interesting review of the *Antiquitates Americanae*, illustrating the discovery of America by the Northmen; a very capital paper upon the history and writings of the poet CHATTERTON; another upon the poetry of Giles Fletcher, and another on Lamartine's 'Jocelyn.' 'The Present State of the Church of England,' 'Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,' Williams' *South-Sea-Islands*, with numerous briefer notices, are among the remaining articles. The Quarterly List of New Publications, native and foreign, by Mr. PUTNAM, is an important addition to this now well-established periodical. Thus far, we have been in type since last month. We can only add, even now, that our favorable impressions of the number have been fully confirmed.

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES. — MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have published a small volume, entitled 'Etiquette for Ladies, with Hints on the Preservation, Improvement, and Display of Female Beauty.' The merits of the book, in a literary point of view, are sufficiently small. It is possible that our friends the publishers have two kinds of authors, at two different prices—namely, those who do, and those who do not, write grammatically—and that they did not choose to put any of their best hands upon this work. Certain it is, that old Priscian's skull is so frequently fractured in its pages, that we are compelled to 'complain of his action of battery.' For the rest, there is much that may be made useful, and many things which are useless, in the volume. While some females may derive benefit from 'etiquette by the card,' others, more fortunate in the possession of innate delicacy of feeling, and propriety of the heart—for this, after all, is the true secret—can derive little from its pages in aid of their personal deportment. All, however, will find in them valuable hints upon the preservation and improvement of beauty.

NEW-YORK MIRROR. — This well-established periodical, whose typographical, pictorial, and literary merits have been too frequently 'faunted in the public eye,' to require the repeated blazon of this Magazine, has received a valuable addition to its literary resources, in the person of EPES SARGEANT, Jr., Esq., of Boston, who will hereafter, as we learn, have control of the editorial department. He will worthily supply the place so well filled by Mr. HOFFMAN, who has won deserved applause, in this field, as in that of more elaborate authorship. Mr. SARGEANT is a young gentleman of fine talents, who has acquired a good repute with his pen, in a variety of intellectual efforts. We cordially welcome him among us, as a capable co-laborer in the good cause of national periodical literature.

NEW-YORK 'SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.' — This journal, as a vehicle of English and American sporting and theatrical intelligence, has acquired a wide and deserved celebrity. Every department of field and other sports, foreign and domestic, is here spread out, including important information in relation to celebrated English and American winning horses, their pedigrees, etc., and indeed all matters connected with the turf. The copious theatrical intelligence, from abroad, and at home, is another interesting feature in the 'Times;' while as a journal of light literature, it competes well with its weekly contemporaries. It is especially rich in original and selected articles, and brief paragraphs, of a humorous character. We commend it confidently to American sportsmen, and lovers of fun, every where.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. — MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM have issued a volume of some two hundred pages, entitled 'An Inquiry into the Moral and Religious Character of the American Government.' The objects of this work, and the importance of

its expositions, in a national point of view, demand a more elaborate notice at our hands, than we have at present either time or space to afford. We shall refer to it again, and in the mean time commend it to the reader's attention. The typographical execution of the book is of the first order of excellence. This would have been readily inferred, however, had we merely mentioned the fact, that the volume is from the well-known press of MESSRS. G. F. HOPKINS AND SON.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The thirteenth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design has recently been opened at Clinton Hall. In our next number, we shall notice the collection, which is considerably larger than that of last year, at length. Among the more prominent features, are two large landscapes, by COLE, a superb one by DURAND, which has no superior in the academy, small sketches by MOUNT, with fine heads by well-known artists—INMAN, INGHAM, CHAPMAN, C. G. THOMPSON, PAGE, HUNTINGTON, etc., etc. The collection is a fair one, and already attracts a multitude of visitors.

ST. JONATHAN, THE LAY OF A SCALD.—A small, thin pamphlet, with a pink paper cover, enclosing a dedication, eighty-eight stanzas, in the measure of 'Don Juan,' and sundry notes—all for one-and-sixpence. There is some cleverness in our young author—we judge of his years from internal evidence—and his facility in rhyming is remarkable. Some of his terminations, howbeit, can only be pronounced 'fine,' in the sense of *strained*. We have no room, at so late an hour, for extracts, by which we could make the 'Scald' appear to advantage, and to disadvantage, as well, since there are not a few weeds for the exterminating hoe of criticism, in this copious, disorderly, and desultory mélange. Yet 't is far from indifferent, as a whole. Try again, Sir Scald—try again.

'KATE LESLIE' is the title of a novel, in two volumes, by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, who has written so many clever songs, which have been wedded to music, every where. It is pronounced an entertaining work, we perceive, by several critics who have perused it. We are not of the number, having seen quite enough of Mr. Bayley as a novel-writer, in reading 'David Dumps,' a very stupid production, in our humble judgment. The yearnings for humor, and the contemptible puns, of the first chapter, would deter the most inveterate fiction-reader from prosecuting a farther search for intellectual gratification.

'THE HESPERIAN, OR WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE,' is the title of a new and handsomely-executed work, the first number of which has just come to us from Columbus, (Ohio.) It reaches us too late to say more than that it is under the able editorship of WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER and OTWAY CURRIE, Esqrs., and in truth little need be added to this fact, save that the editors are to be assisted by some of the finest minds in the west. We cordially wish success, and a generous support, to our valued contemporary.

THE NEW VOLUME.—Our stores for the TWELFTH VOLUME, which will commence on the first of July, are accumulating. We have a *secret* pride in the belief that we shall not a little surprise our readers by the extent and character of the literary resources which will be exhibited in that volume. We indulge the more confidently in this belief, because we are even now enabled to contrast what has been done, of which the reader can judge, with what may be done, of which *we* can judge. We may mention here, by way of explanation—having before alluded, in a 'promissory note,' to the subject—that 'The Atlantines, a Romance of America,' by JOHN GALT, Esq., author of 'Annals of the Parish,' 'Laurie Todd,' etc., dedicated to PHILIP HONE, Esq., will be reserved for continuous publication in the numbers of the new series.

✍ Some of our readers are requested to peruse the 'Appeal to Unjust Subscribers,' on the third page of the cover.